TURNER'S BANJO JOURNAL

No. 13.

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The Whole Compiled and Arranged by

HERBERT J. ELLIS.

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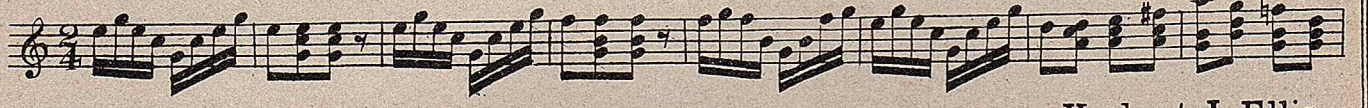

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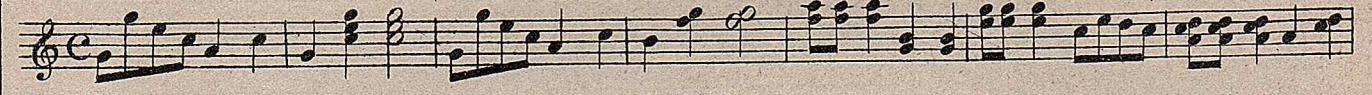

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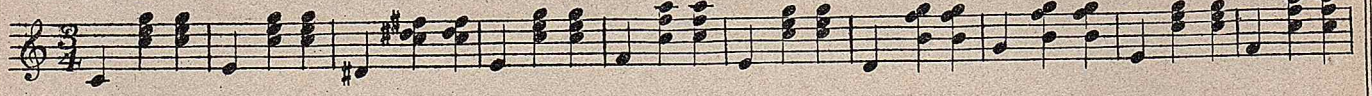

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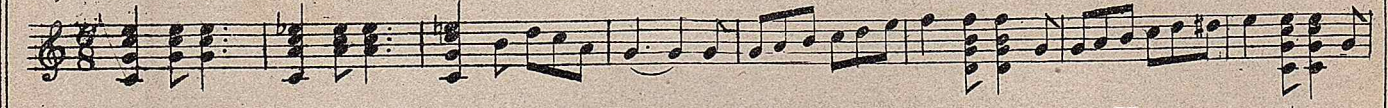

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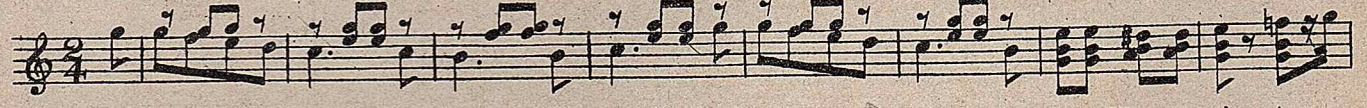

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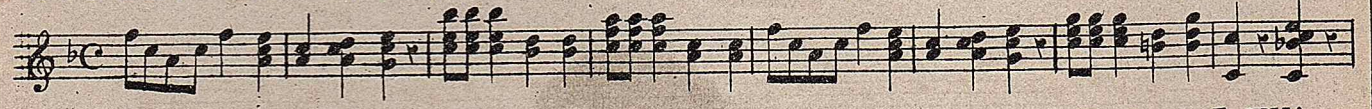

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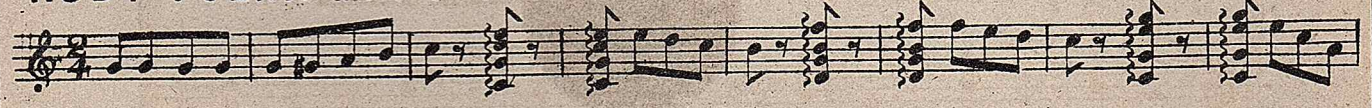

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TURNER'S BANJO JOURNAL.

No: 13.

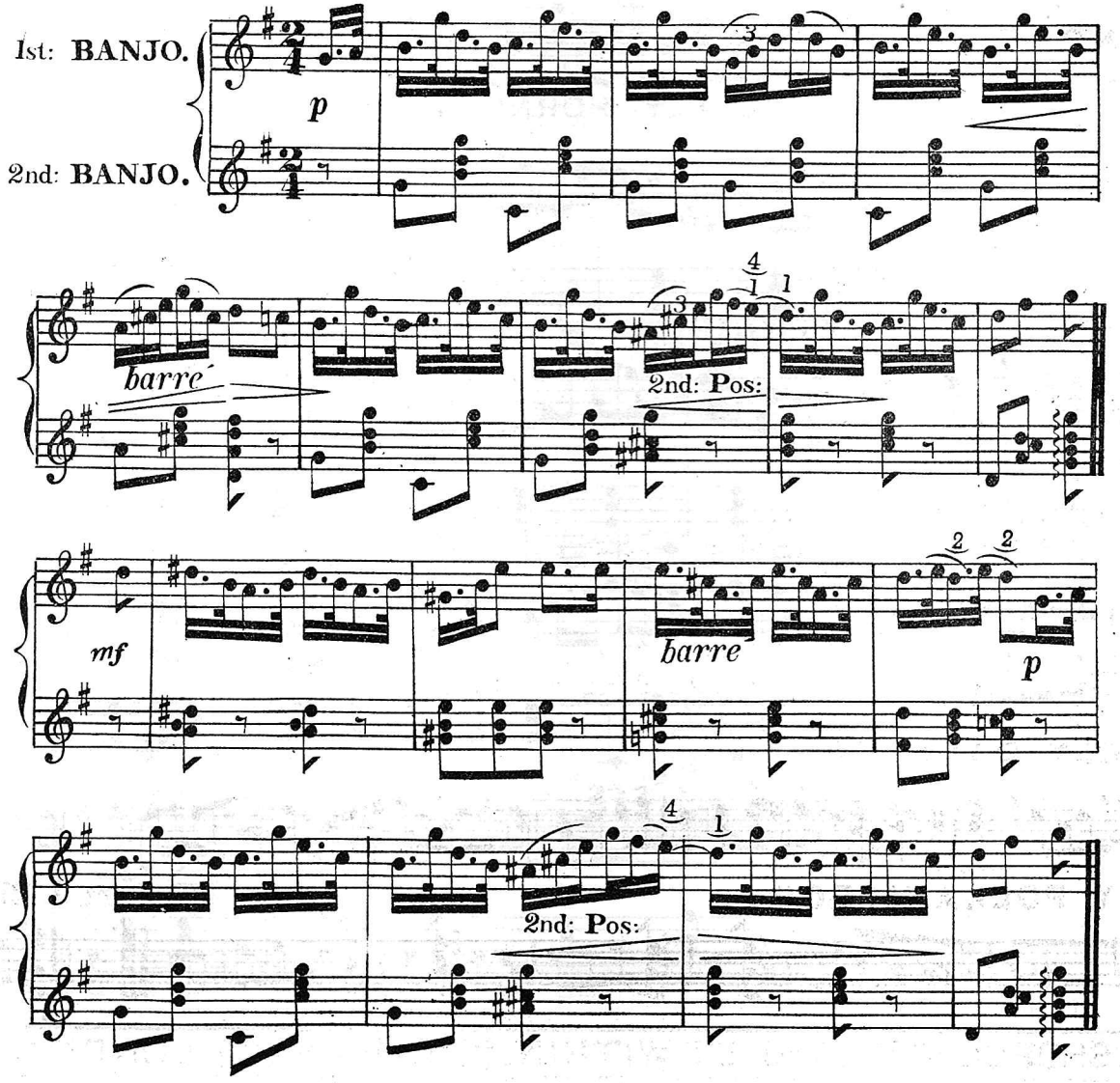
COMPILED AND ARRANGED BY **HERBERT J. ELLIS.**

Note — For the six stringed Banjo it will be found necessary in some of the Solos to tune the fourth string to C.

SOLOS FOR BANJO.
WITH 2ND BANJO ACCOMPANIMENT (AD LIB:)

VICTORIA JIG.

Herbert J. ELLIS.



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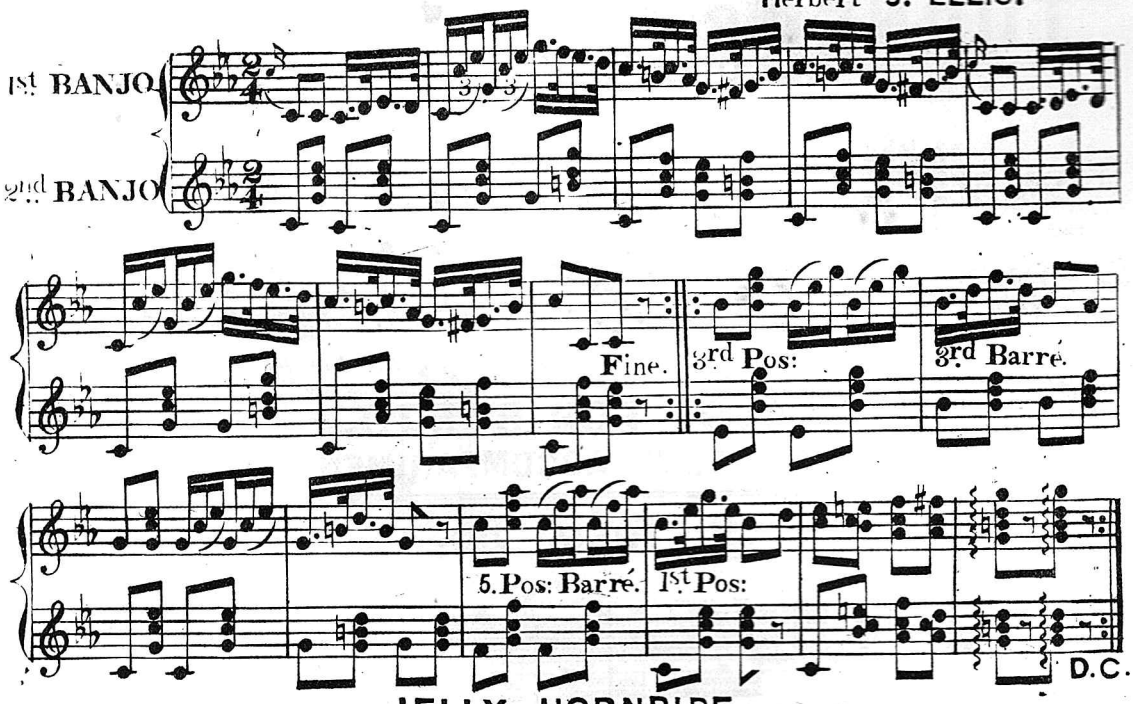

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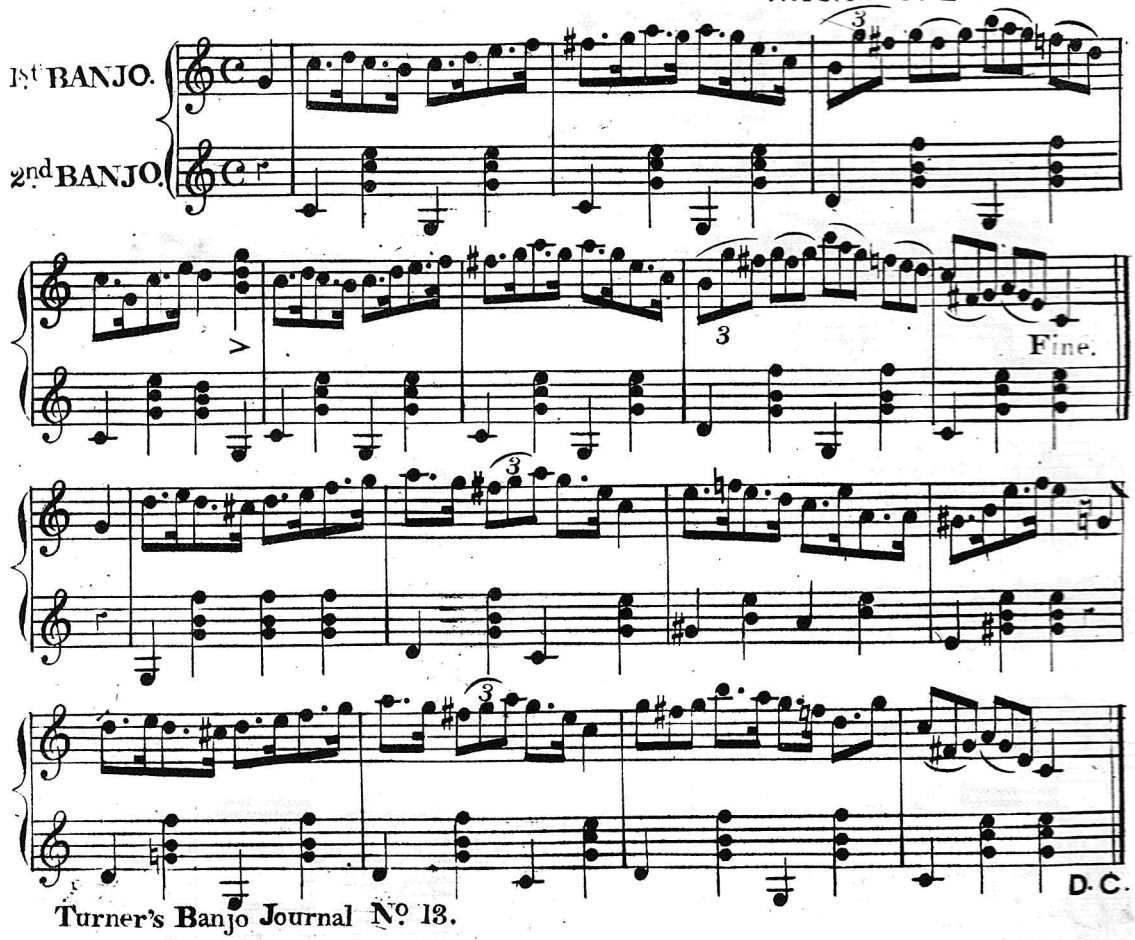

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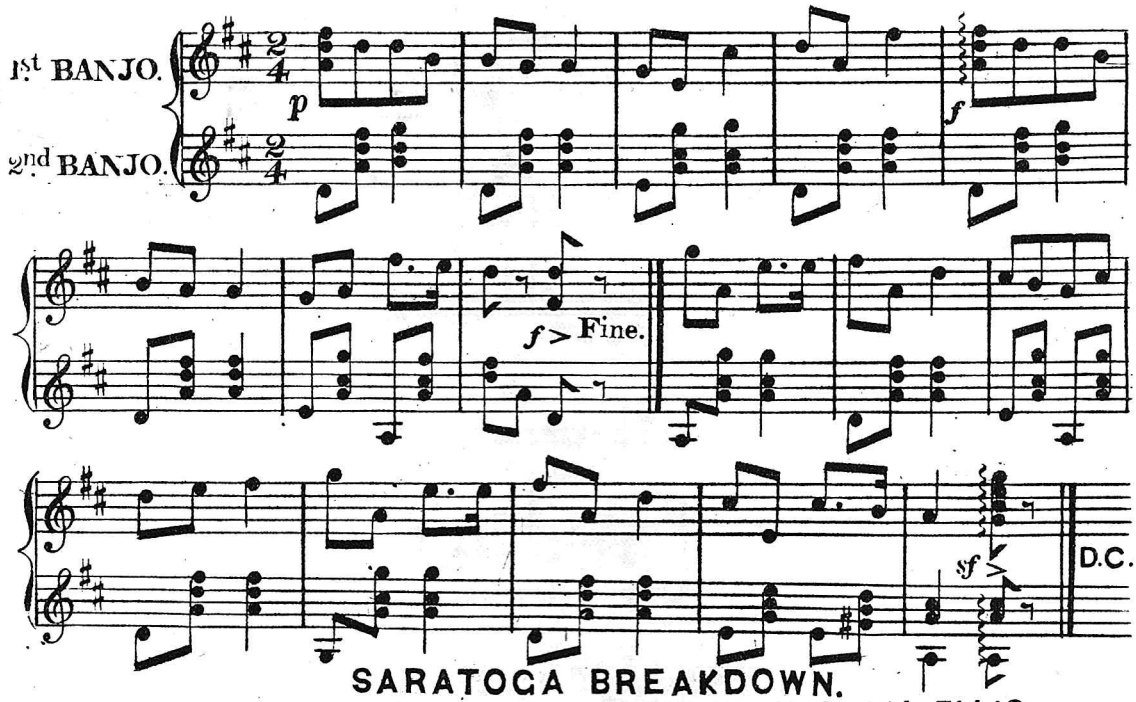

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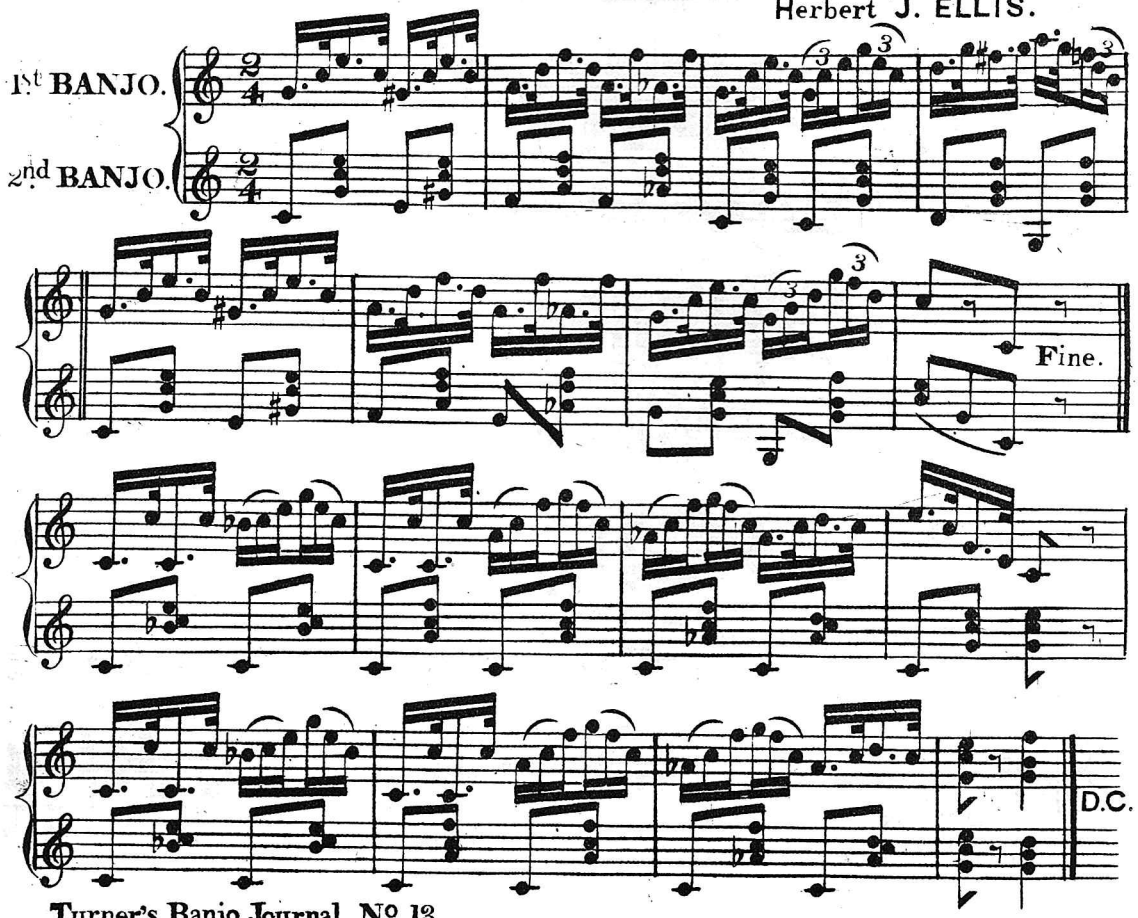

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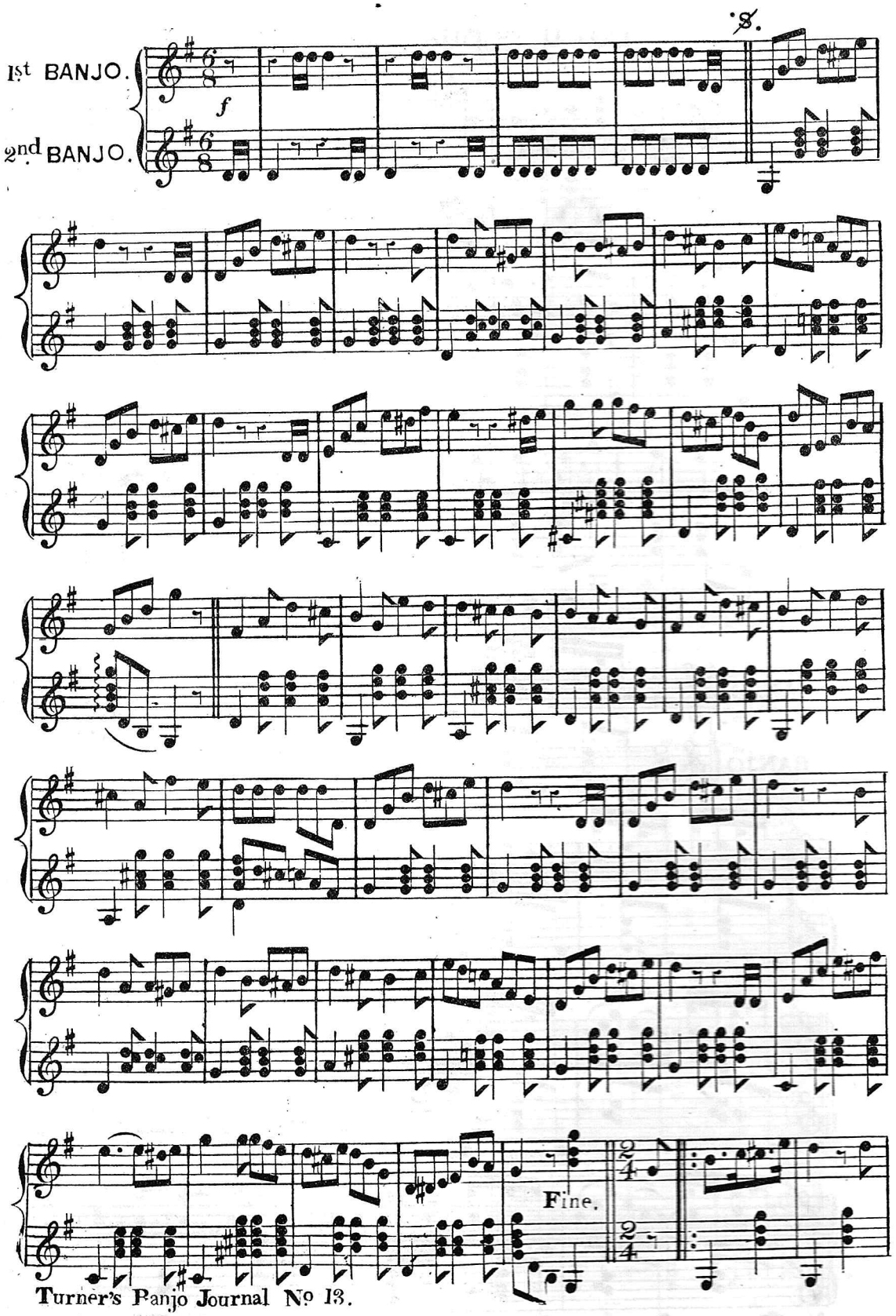
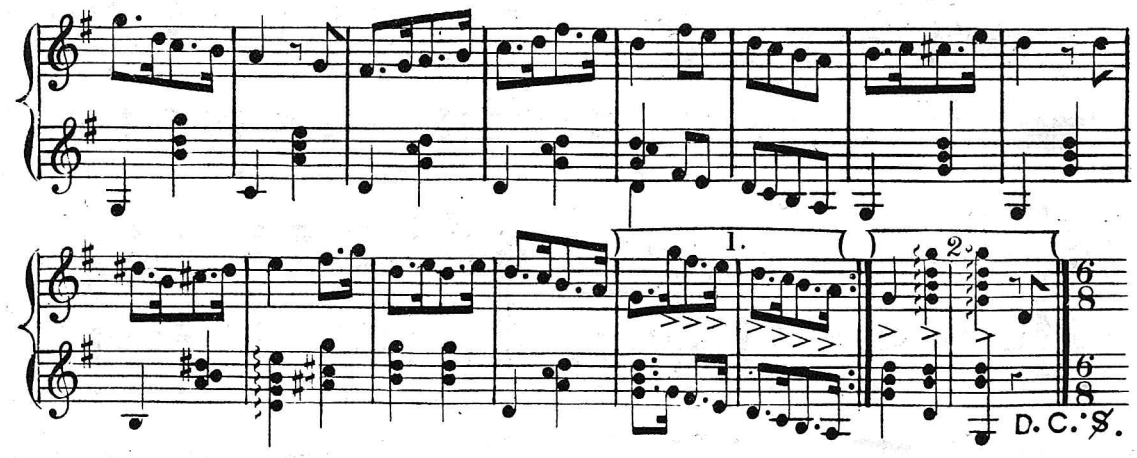
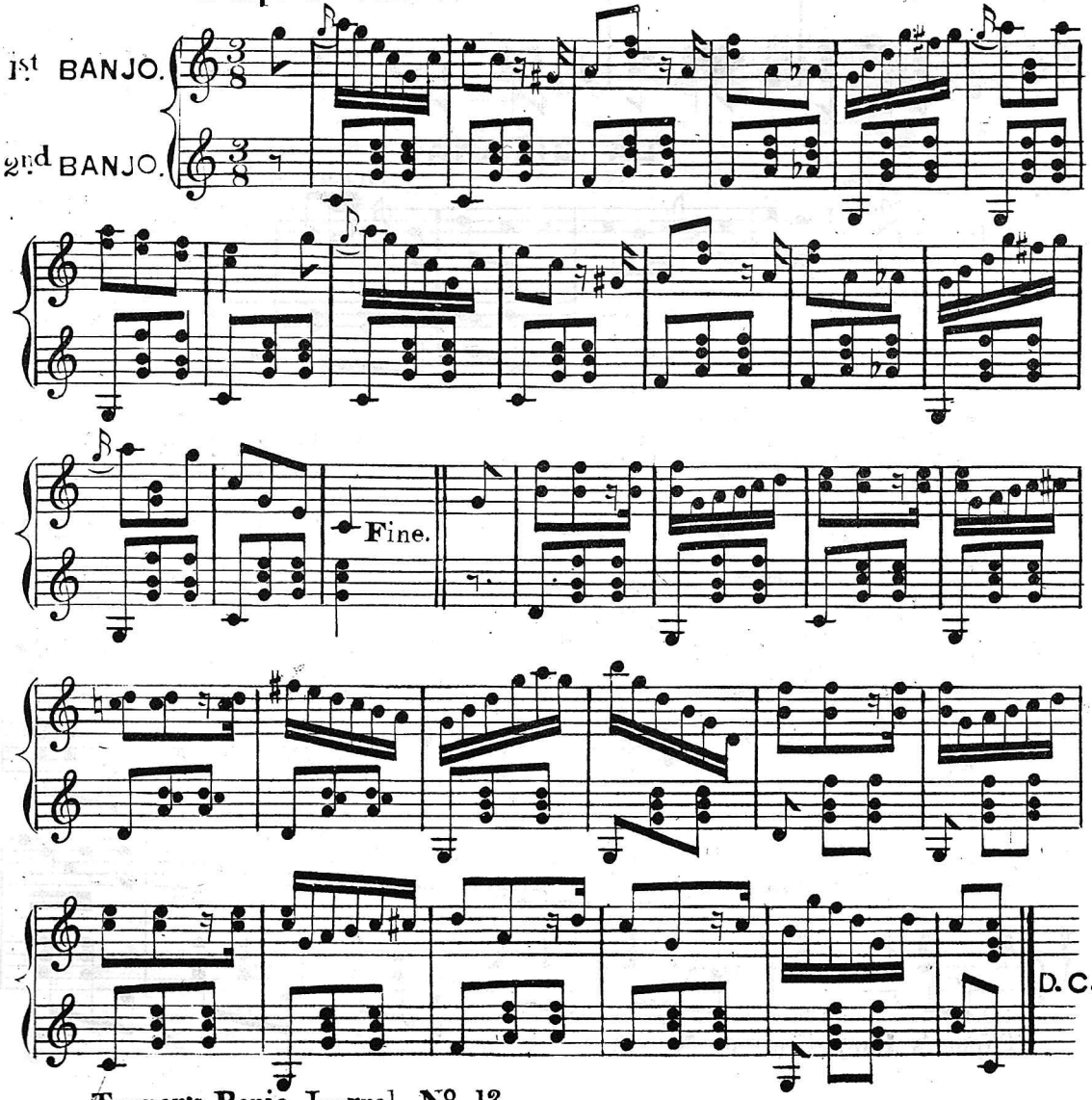


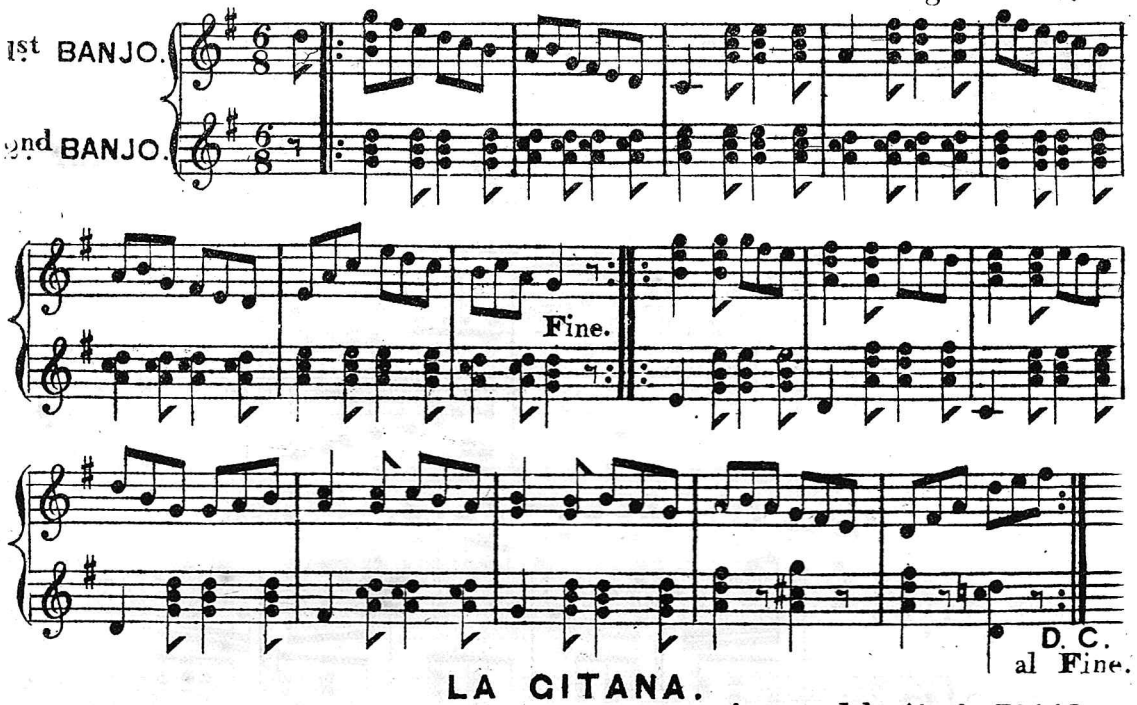


Tempo di Valse. **BELL WALTZ.** Herbert J. ELLIS.



CLOCHETTE JIG.

Aug: LEIGH.



LA CITANA.

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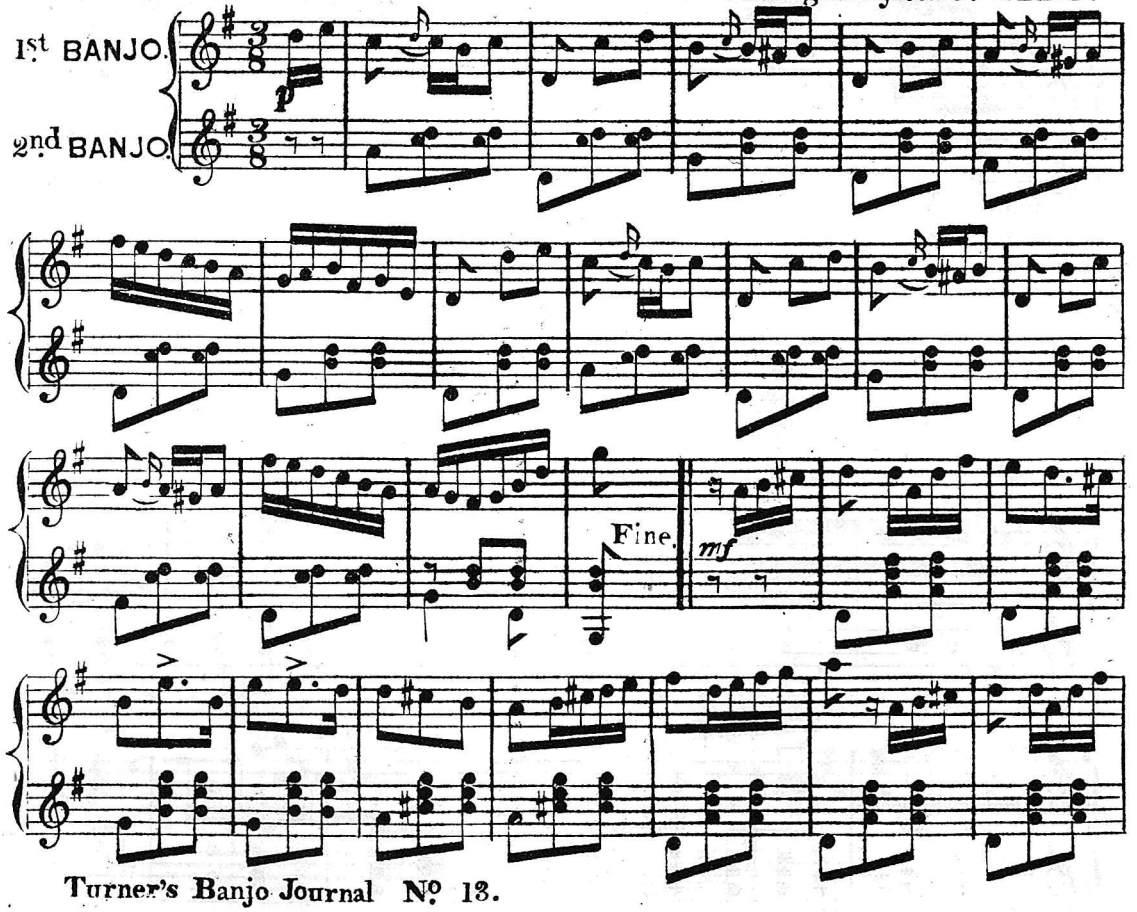
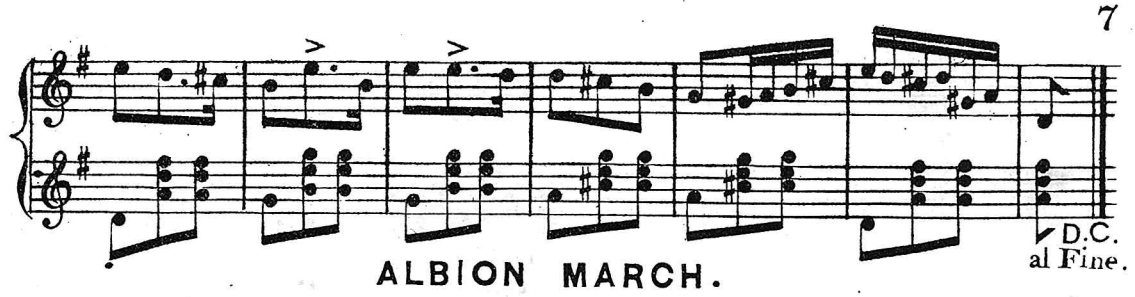
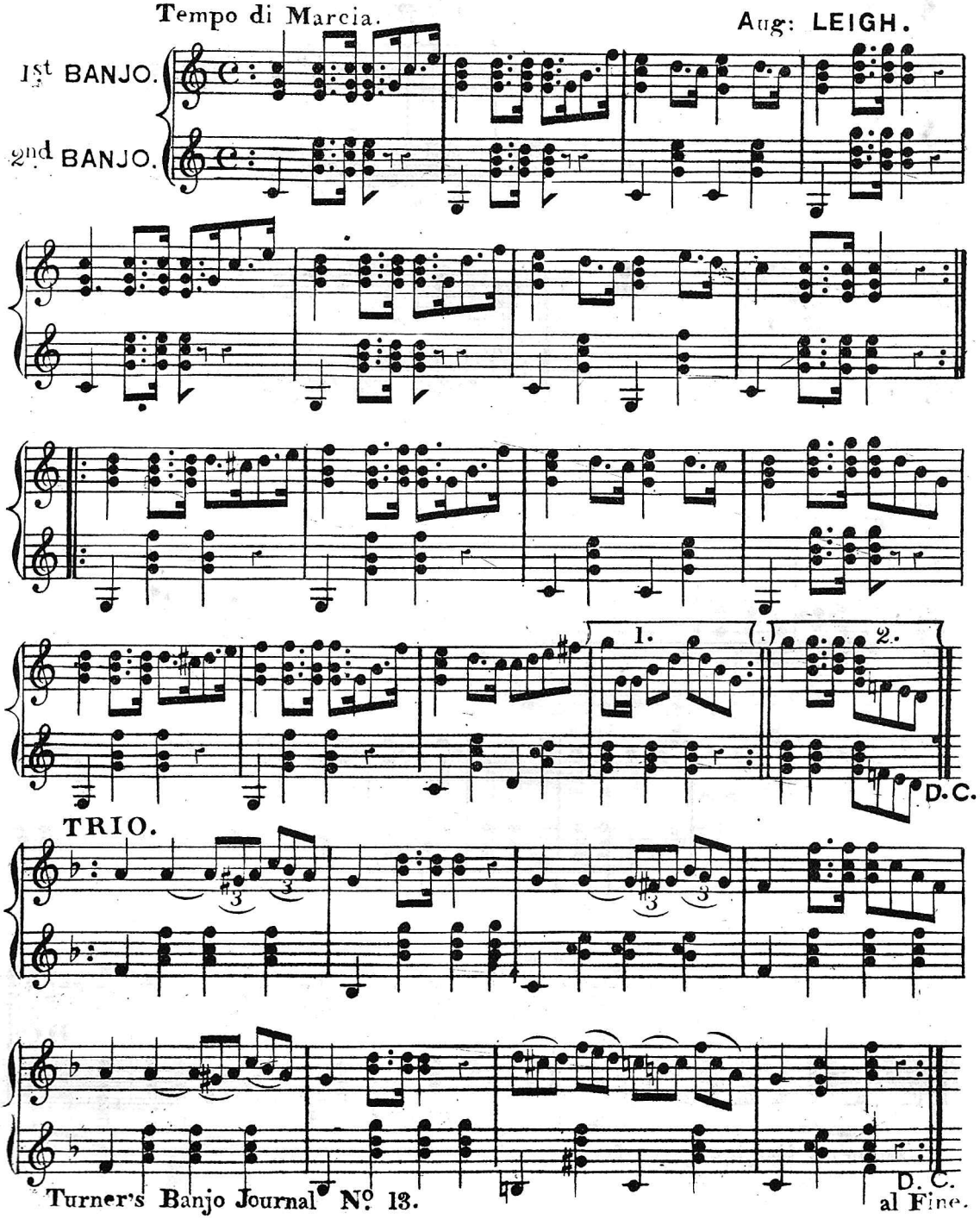




ALBION MARCH.

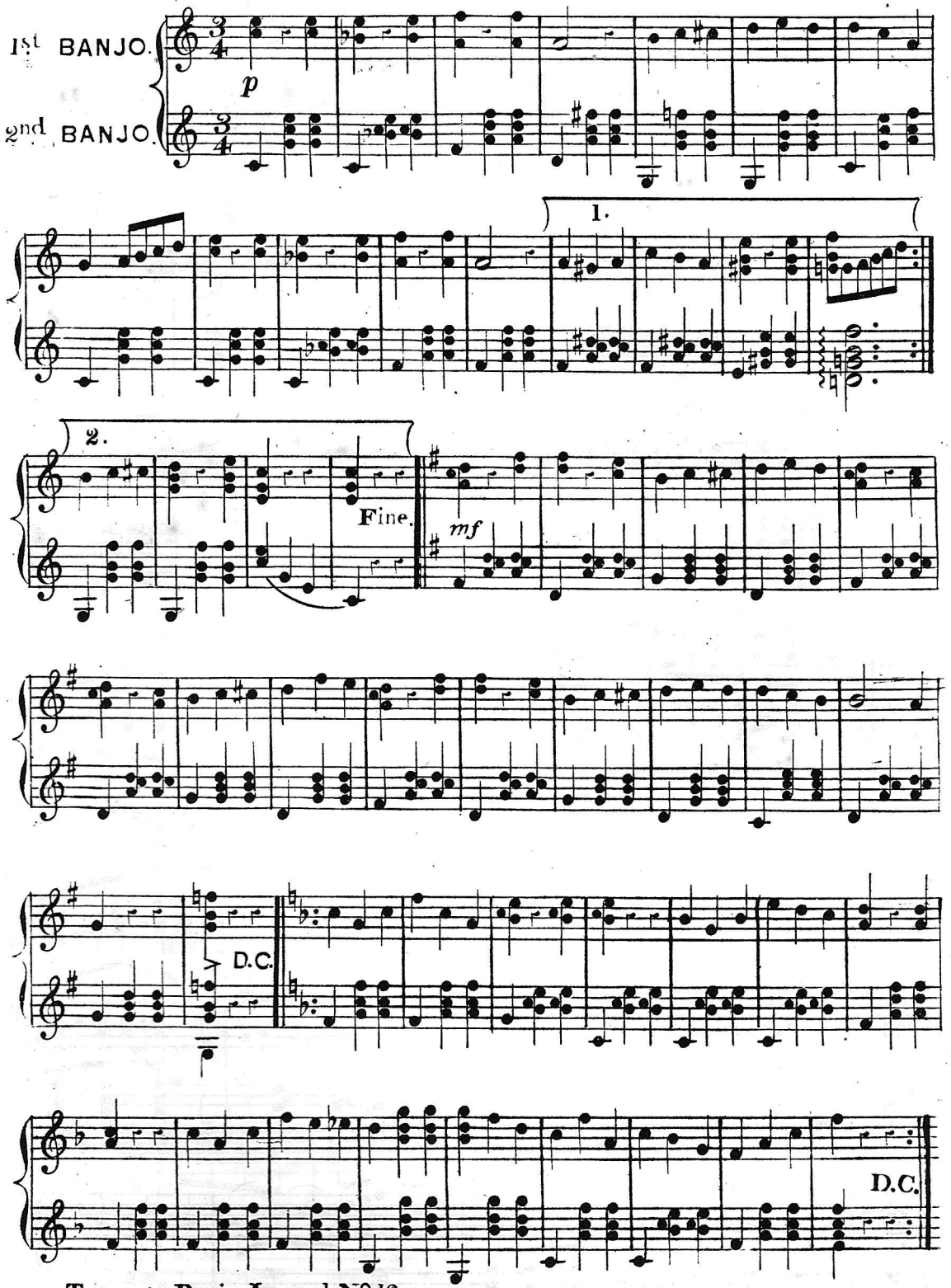
Tempo di Marcia.

Aug: LEIGH.



BRIAR WALTZ.

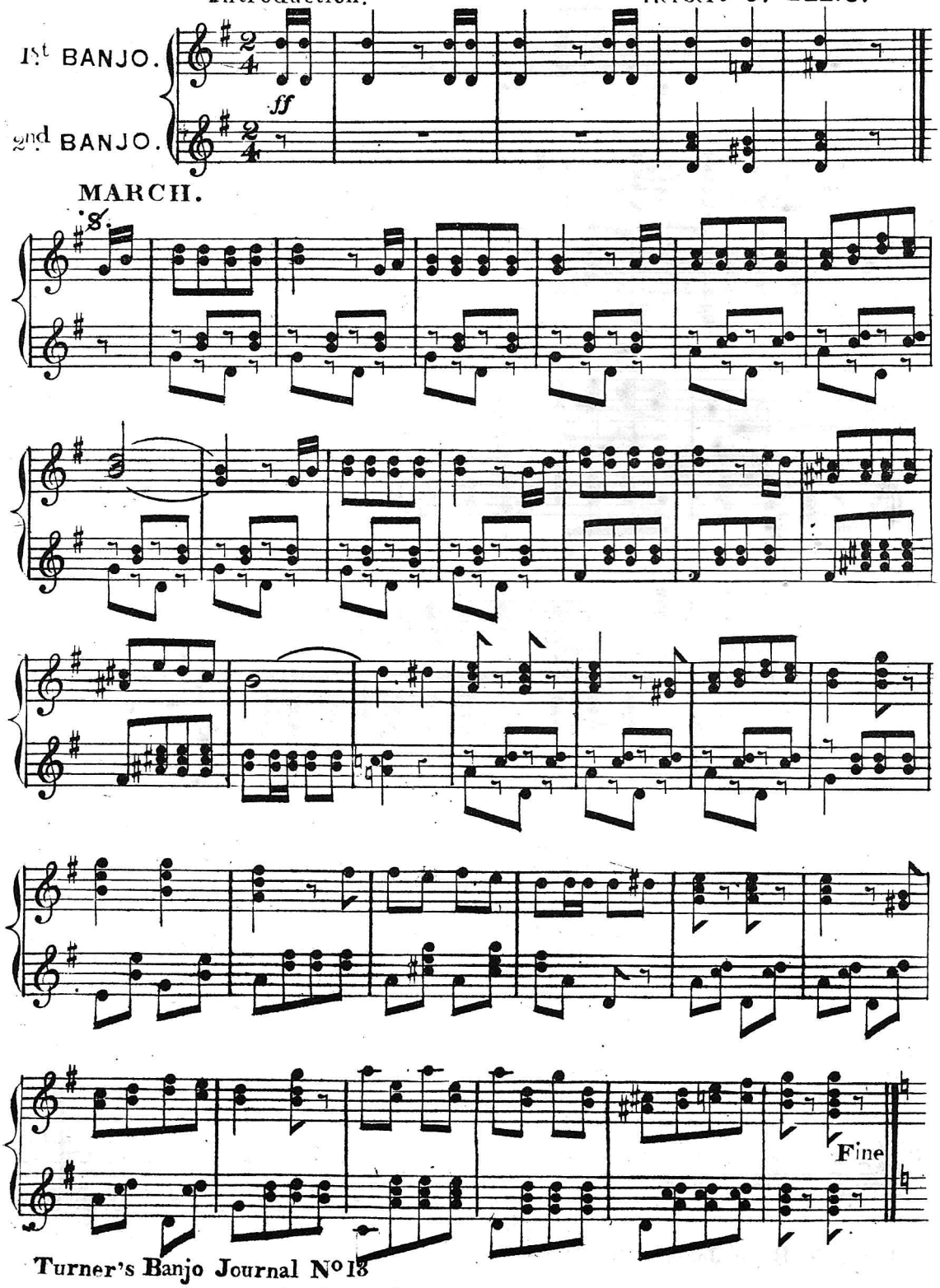
Tempo di Valse. Aug: LEIGH.



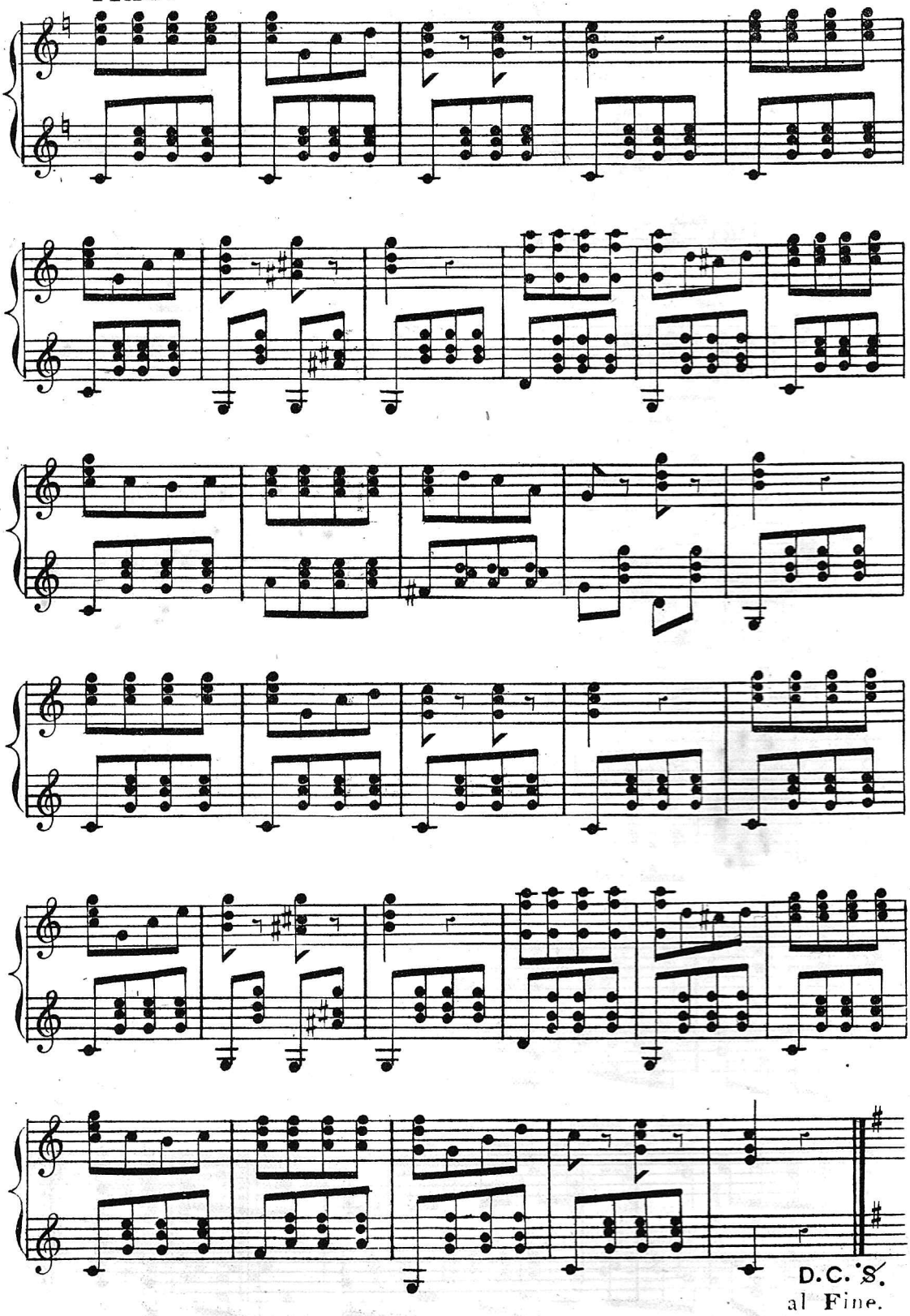
VERMONT.

MARCH MILITAIRE.

Introduction. Herbert J. ELLIS.



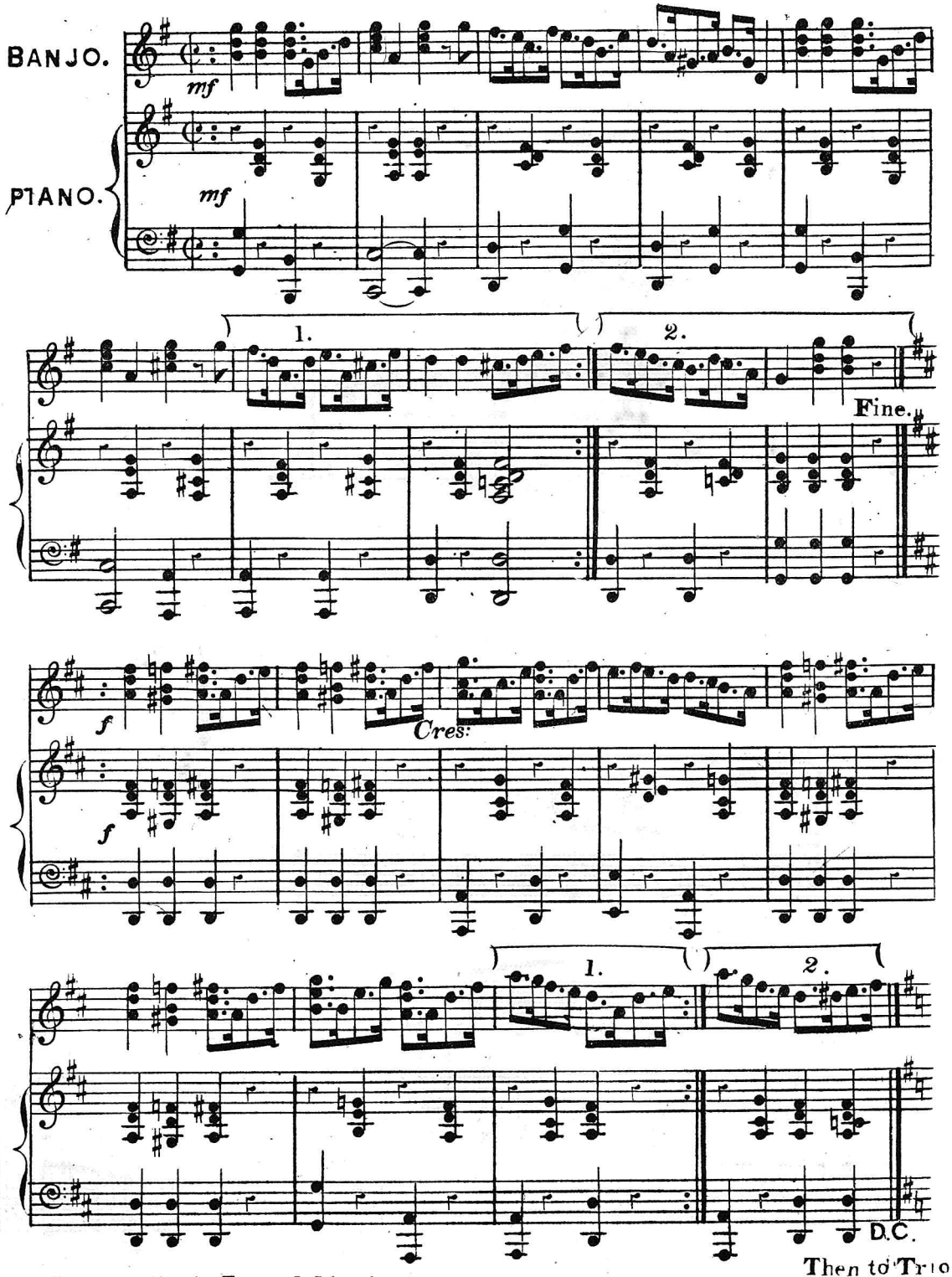
TRIO.



DUETS FOR BANJO AND PIANO.

ADELAIDE SCHOTTISCHE.

Aug: LEIGH.



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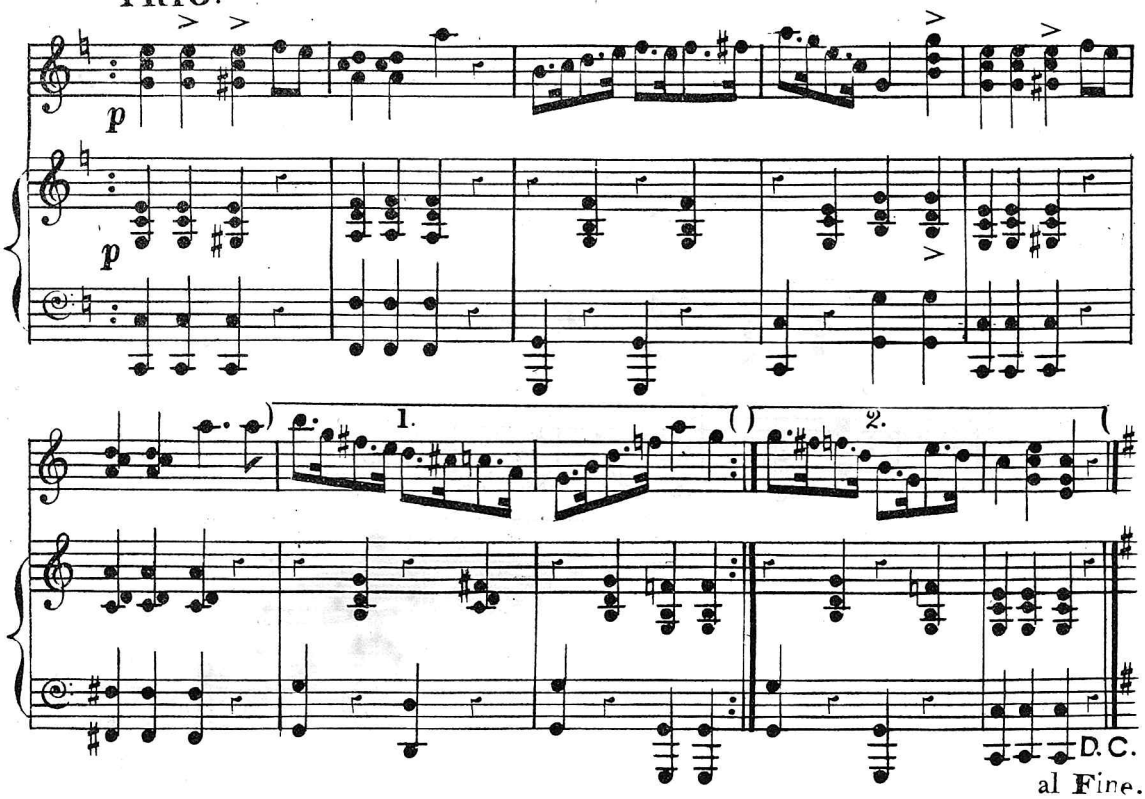
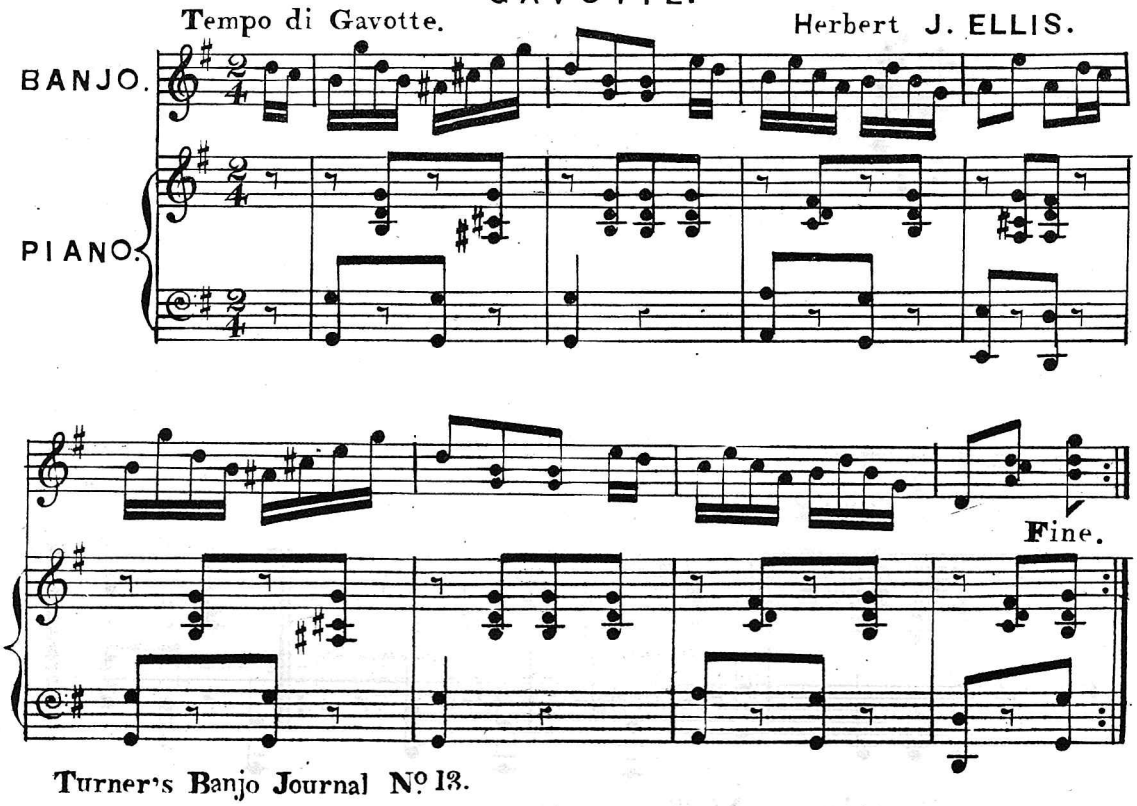


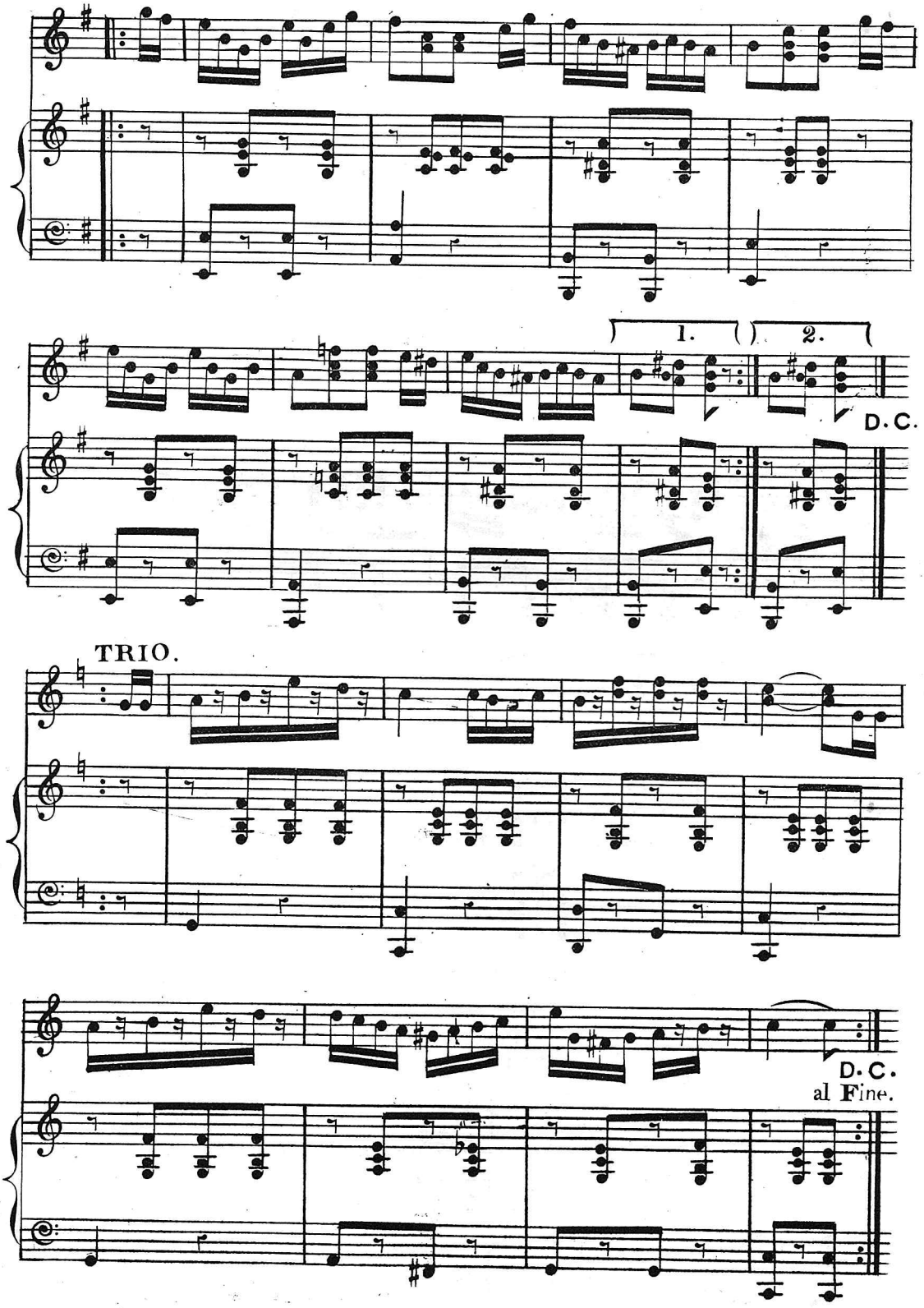
"MARIE."

GAVOTTE.

Tempo di Gavotte.

Herbert J. ELLIS.



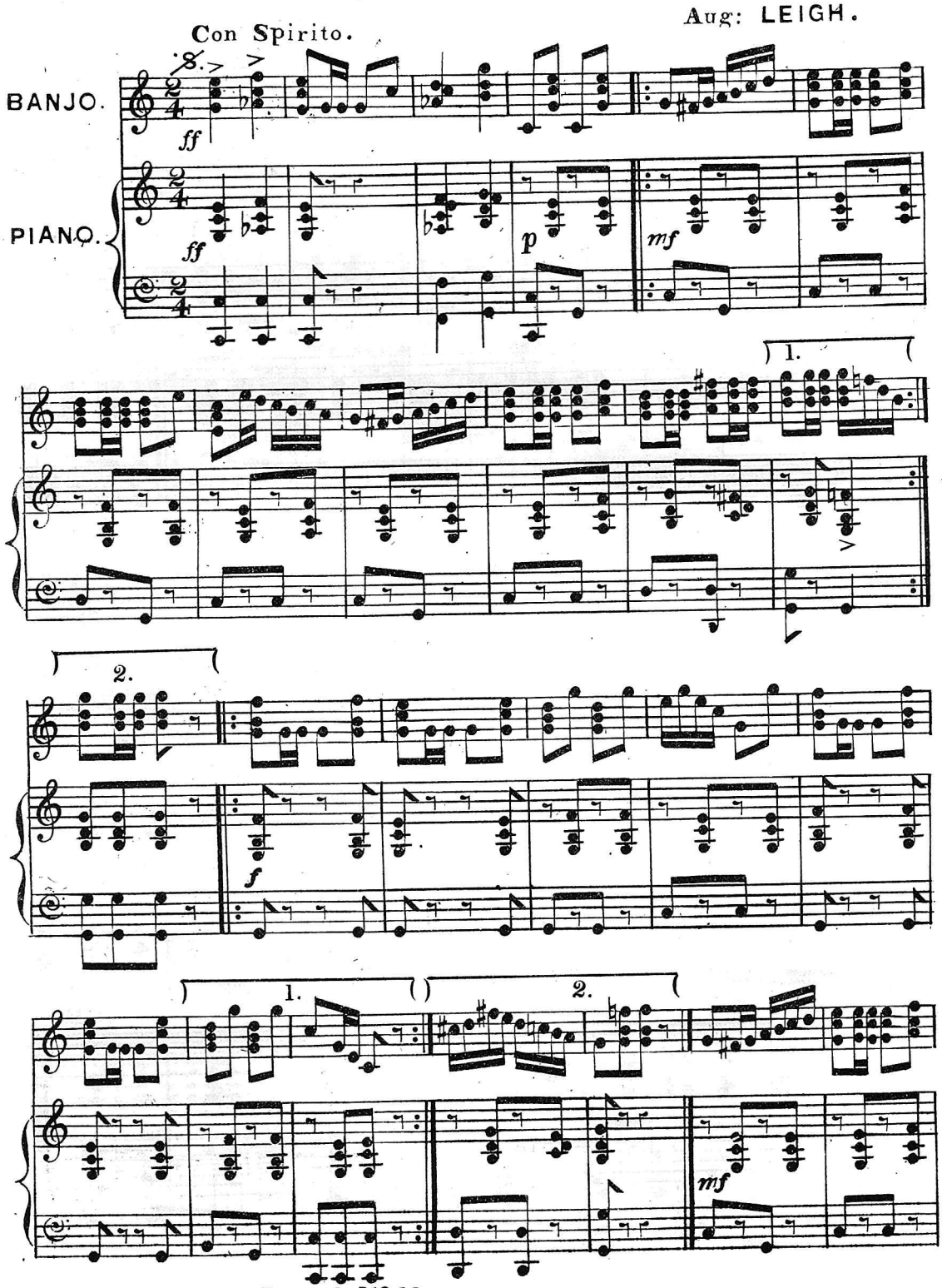

1.
2.
D.C.
TRIO.
D.C.
al Fine.

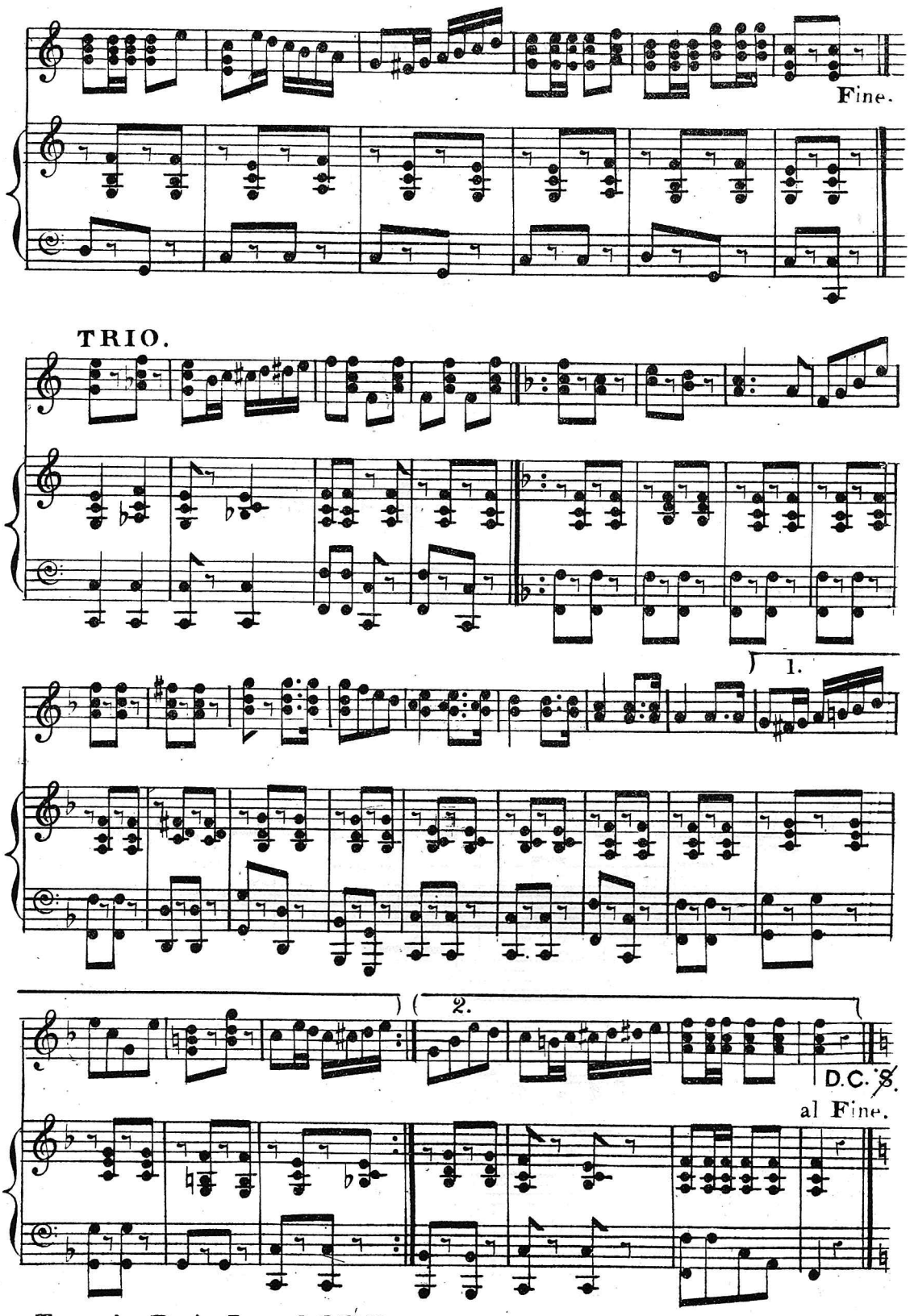
GEORGIA.

QUICK-STEP.

Aug: LEIGH.

Con Spirito.




Fine.
TRIO.
1.
2.
D.C. 8.
al Fine.

EMILY POLKA.

Herbert J. ELLIS.

Tempo di Polka.

BANJO.

PIANO.

p

5. Pos:

5. Pos:

Fine.

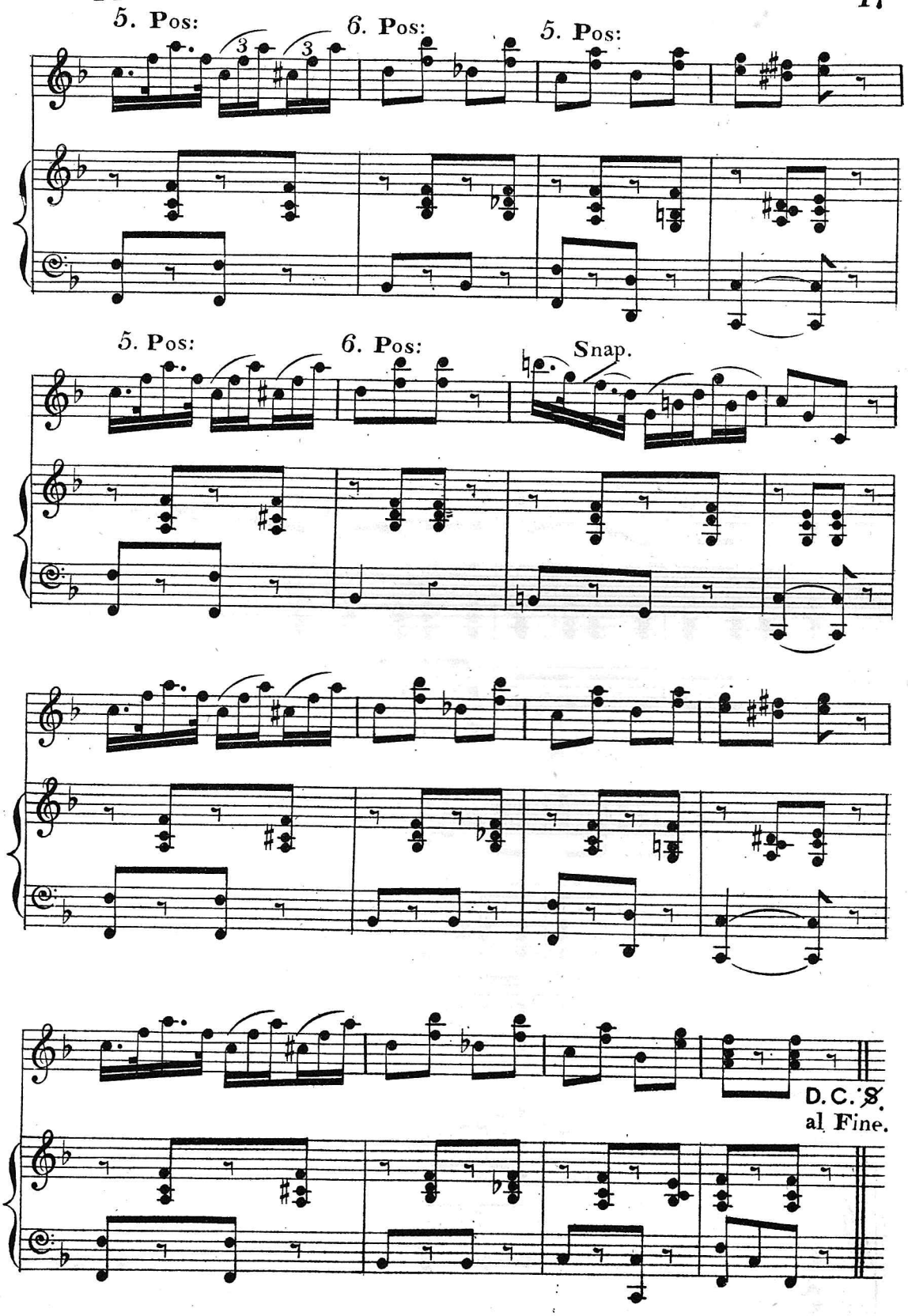
5. Pos:

1.

2.

D.C. 𝄋.
then to Trio.

TRIO.

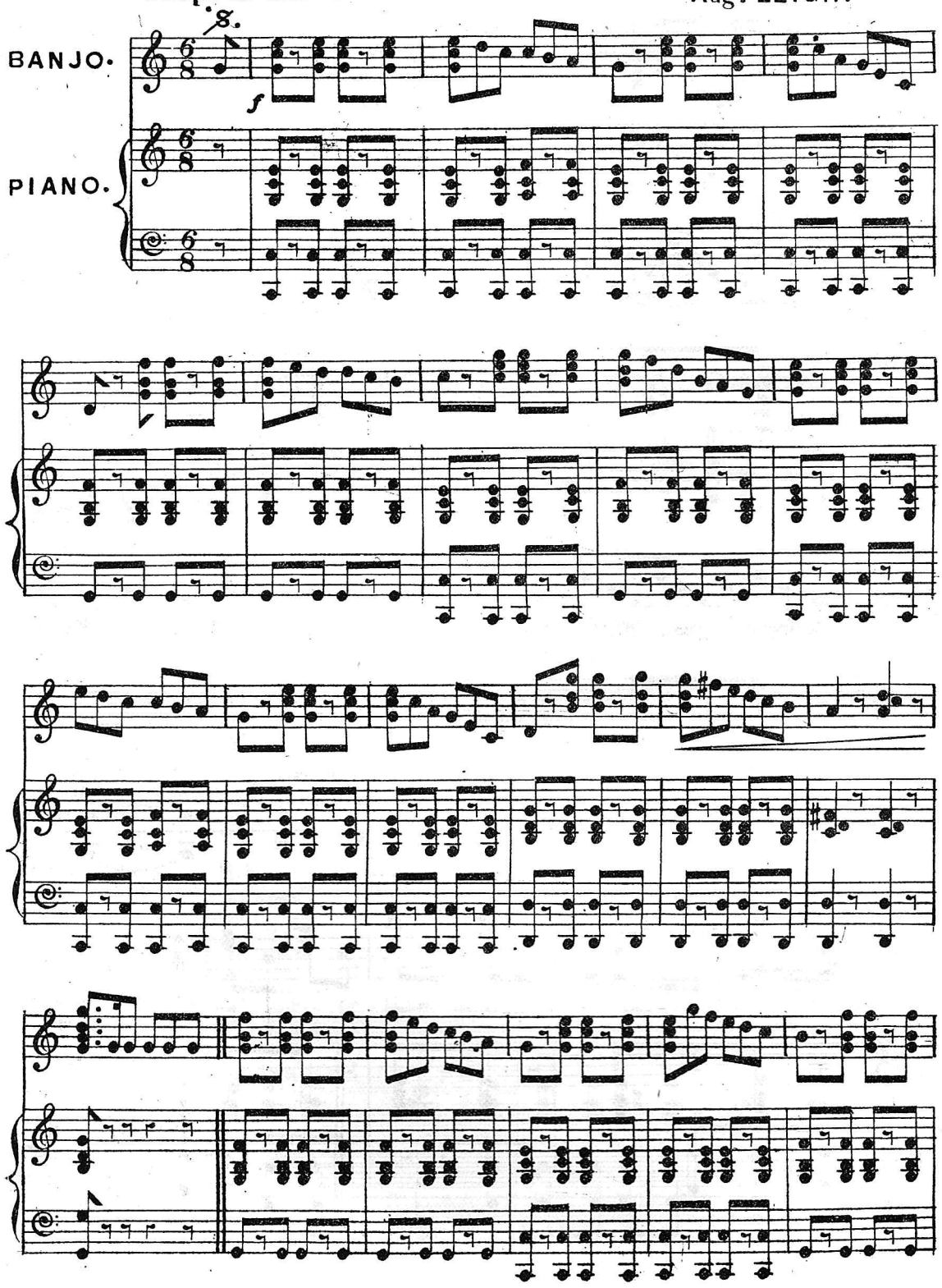


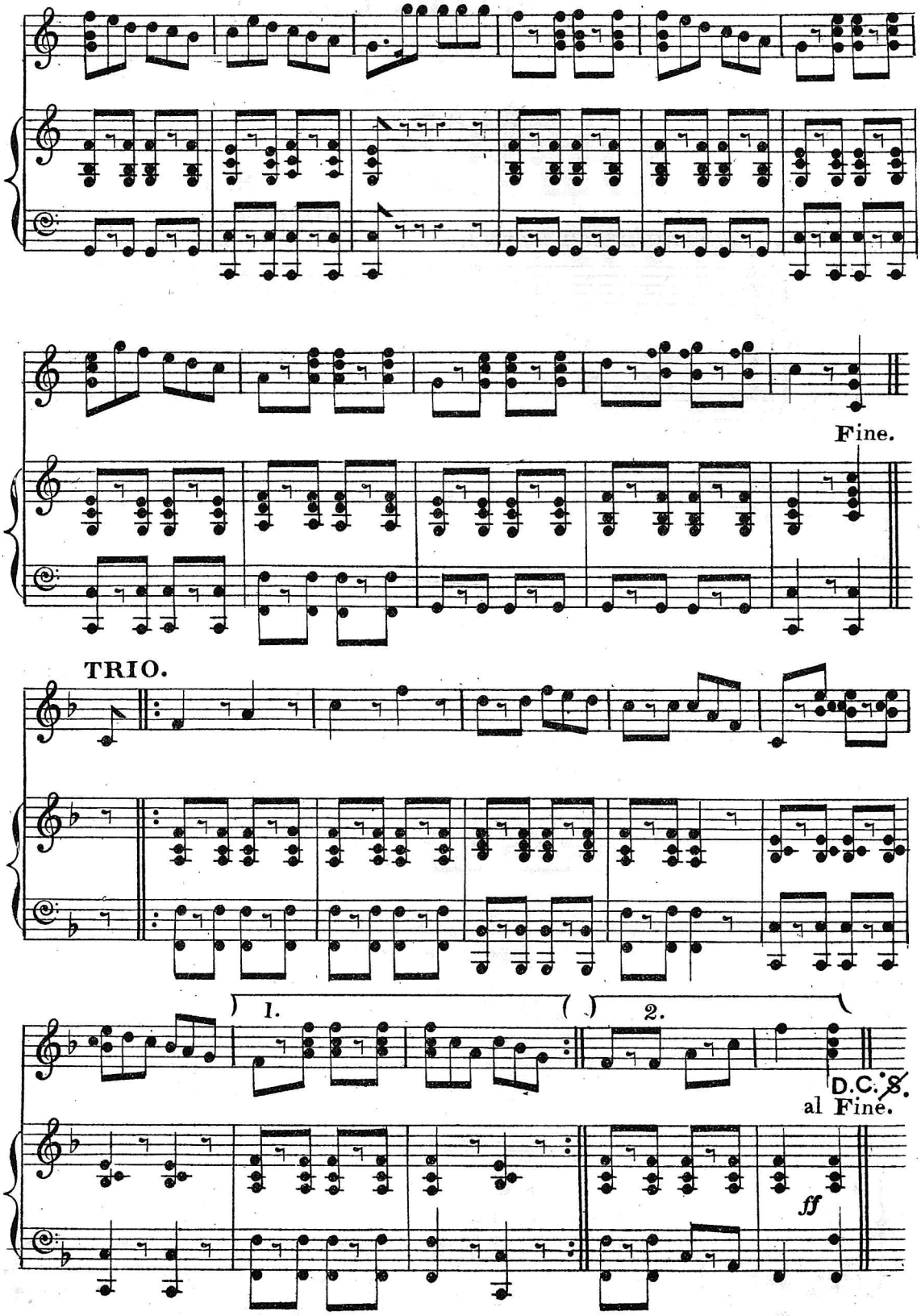
CRANBROOK MARCH.

Thimble Solo.

Tempo di Marcia.

Aug: LEIGH.




Fine.
TRIO.
1.
2.
D.C. 𝄋.
al Fine.
ff

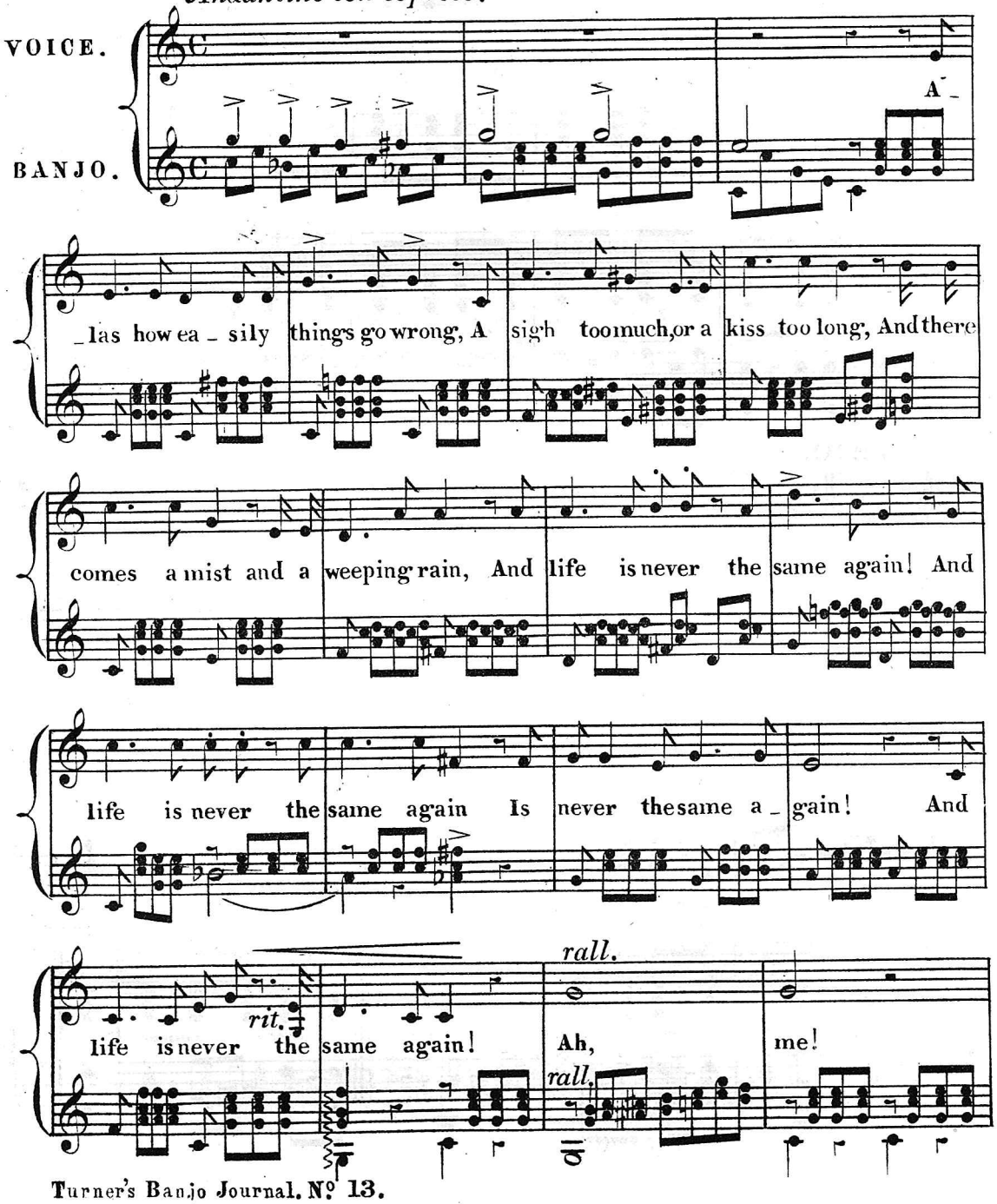
COMIC SONGS, BALLADS ETC.

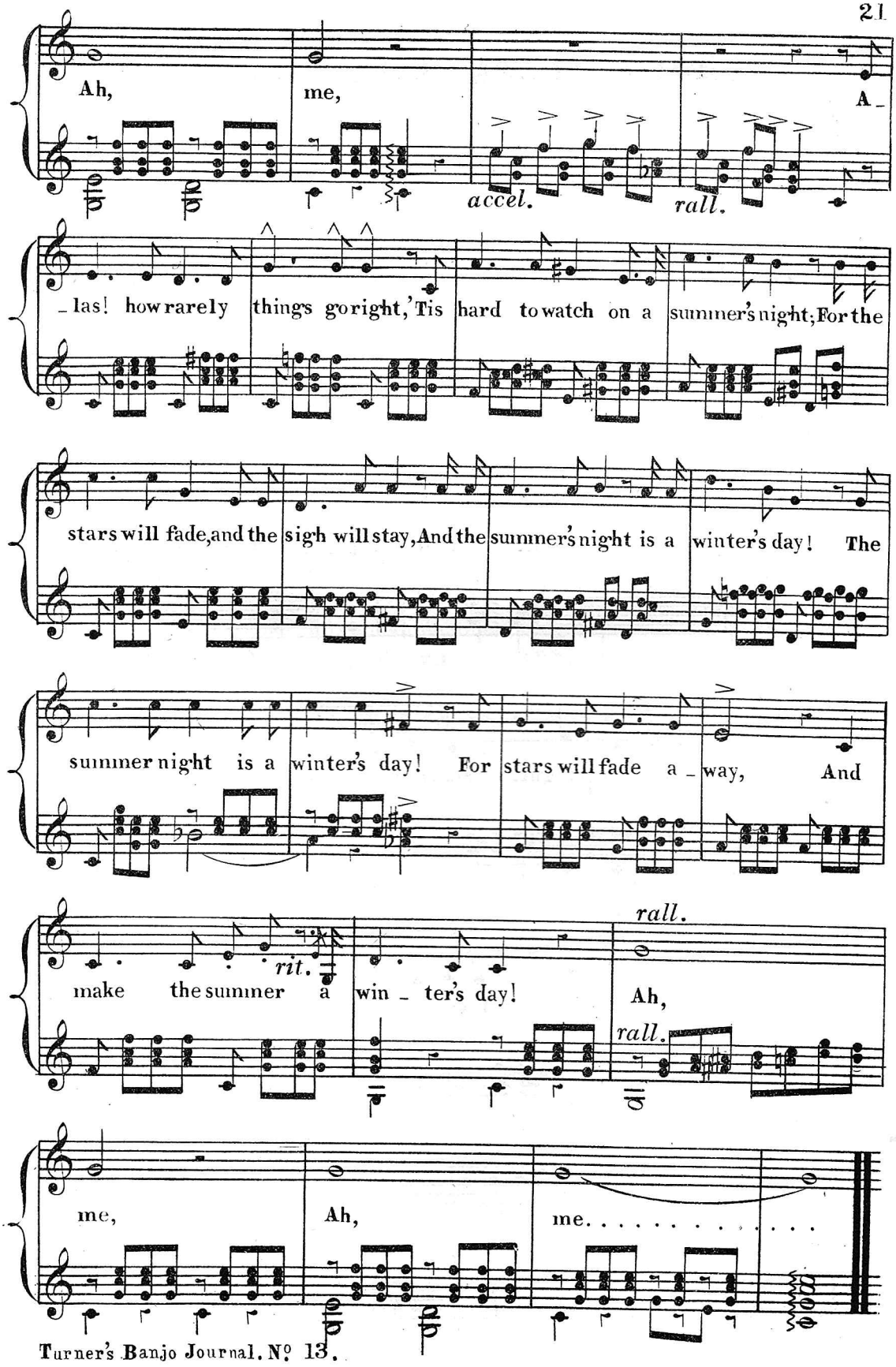
ALAS!

H. MILLARD.

Arranged by HERBERT J. ELLIS.

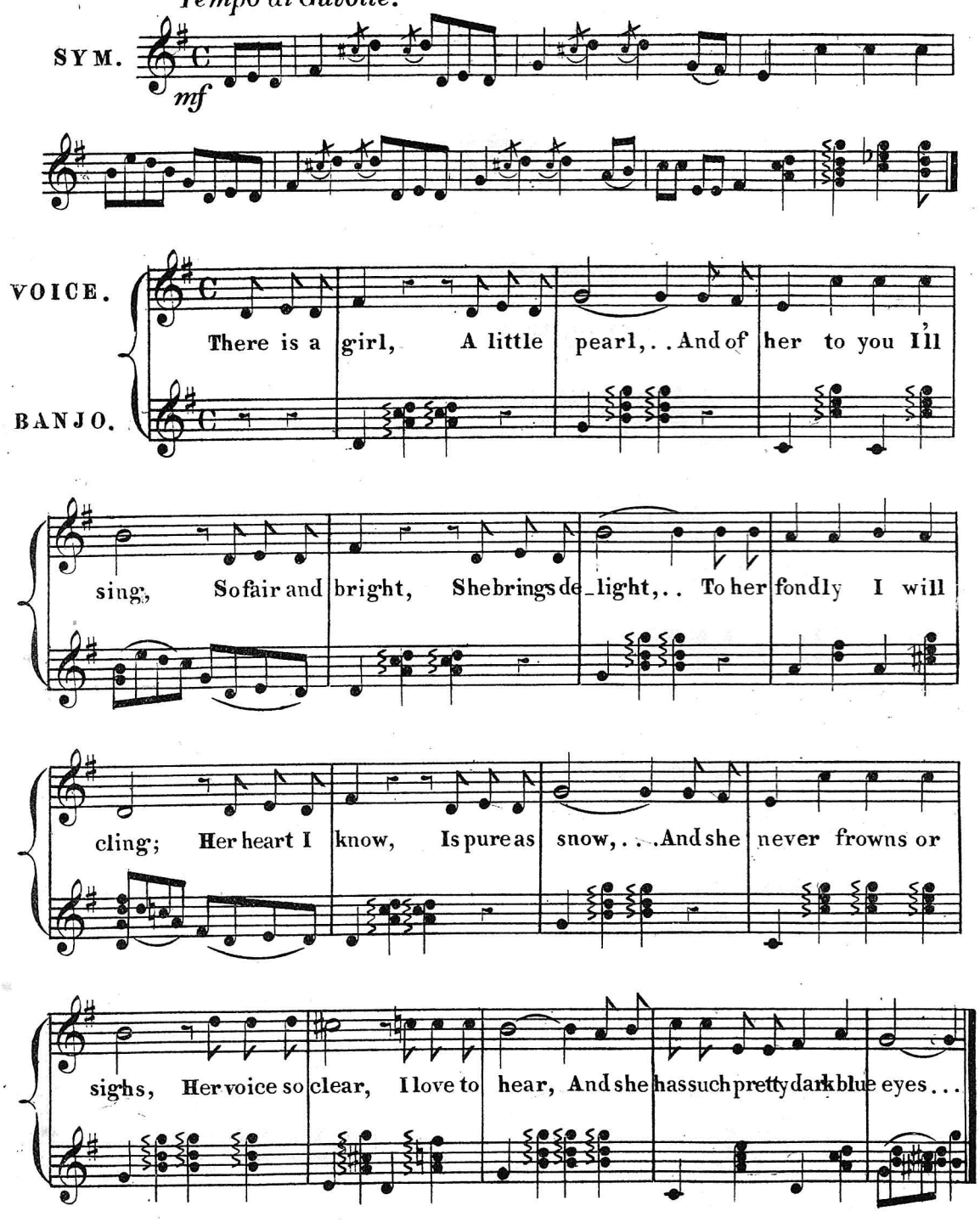
Andantino con espress.

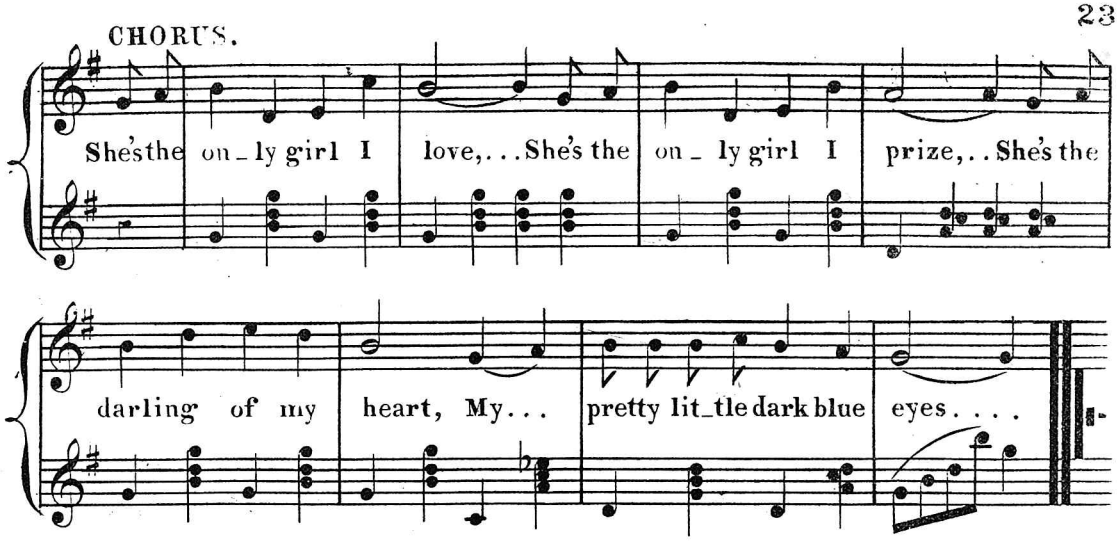



Ah, me, A_
accel.
rall.
_las! how rarely things go right, 'Tis hard to watch on a summer's night; For the
stars will fade, and the sigh will stay, And the summer's night is a winter's day! The
summer night is a winter's day! For stars will fade a_way, And
rall.
rit.
make the summer a win_ter's day!
Ah,
rall.
me, Ah, me. . . . . .

SHE'S THE ONLY GIRL I LOVE.

SONG AND DANCE.





2

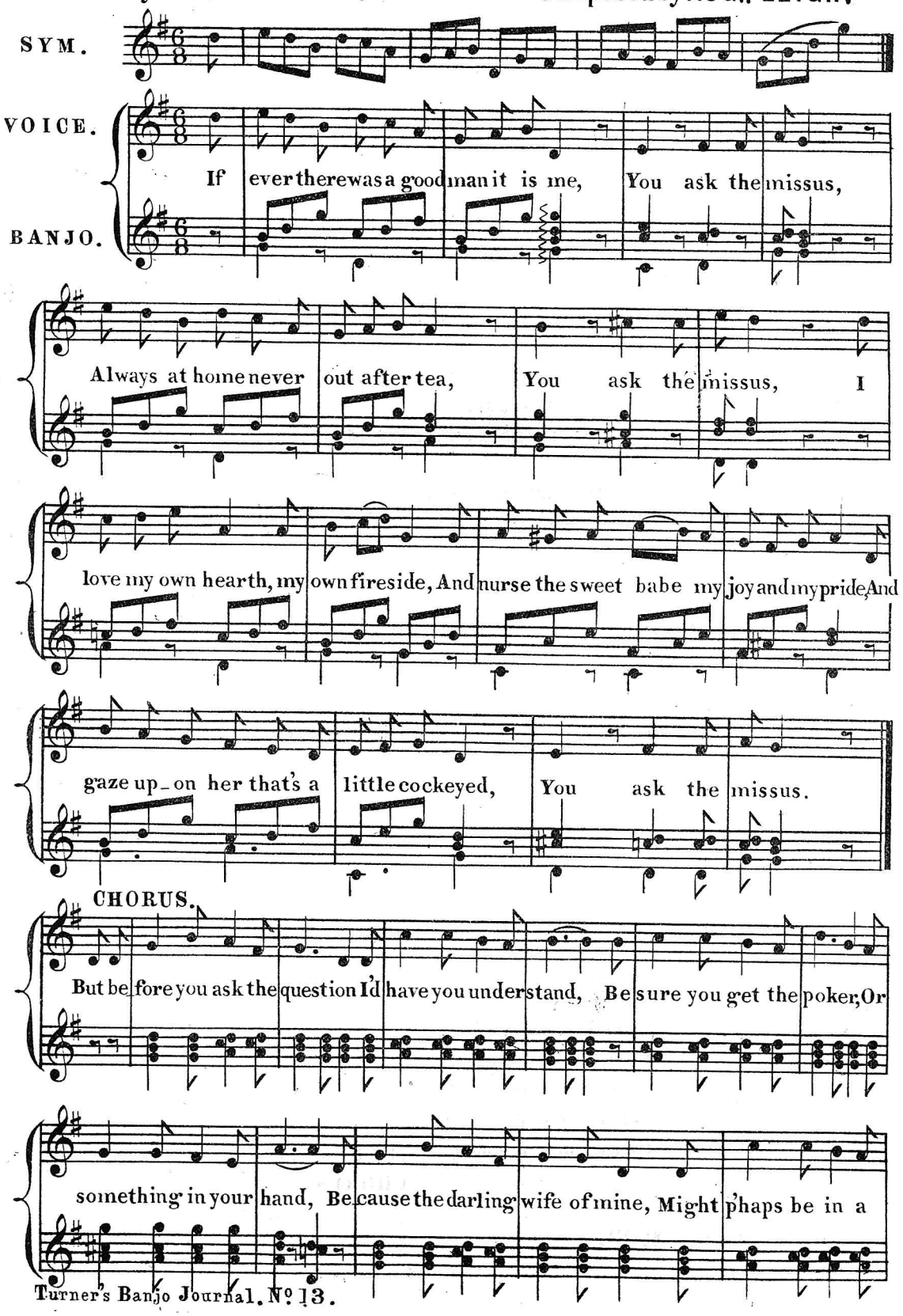
At night and day,
She's ever gay,
And her laughter ringing clear,
Makes care depart,
And glad the heart,
There is sunshine when she's near;
In happy dreams
To me she seems
Like an angel from the skies,
While o'er me shine,
Like stars divine,
Those bewitching little dark blue eyes.
CHORUS.

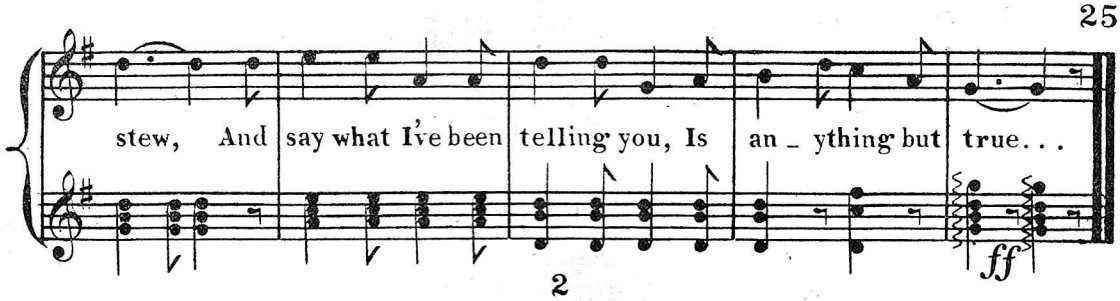
3

When far away,
From her I stray,
Still her image dwells with me,
In every place
Her rosy face
Fair and smiling I can see
She welcomes me
With voice of glee,
To my arms she fondly flies
Tho' dark the night,
Like beacon light,
I can see her pretty dark blue eyes.
CHORUS.

YOU ASK THE MISSUS.

Written by T. S. LONSDALE. Composed by AUGT. LEIGH.





2

I'm never like some look sour and old
You ask the missus
Never complain if the dinner is cold
You ask the missus
I'm always as mild as some little lamb
And never would tell my poor wife a cram
Never by chance say the naughty word D_
You ask the missus. **CHORUS.**

3

I never stay out like some married men,
You ask the missus
I'm always in bed sometimes before ten
You ask the missus
I never come home with the milk and the cat
And can't find the keyhole and lose my hat
Or finish the night upon the door mat
You ask the missus. **CHORUS.**

4

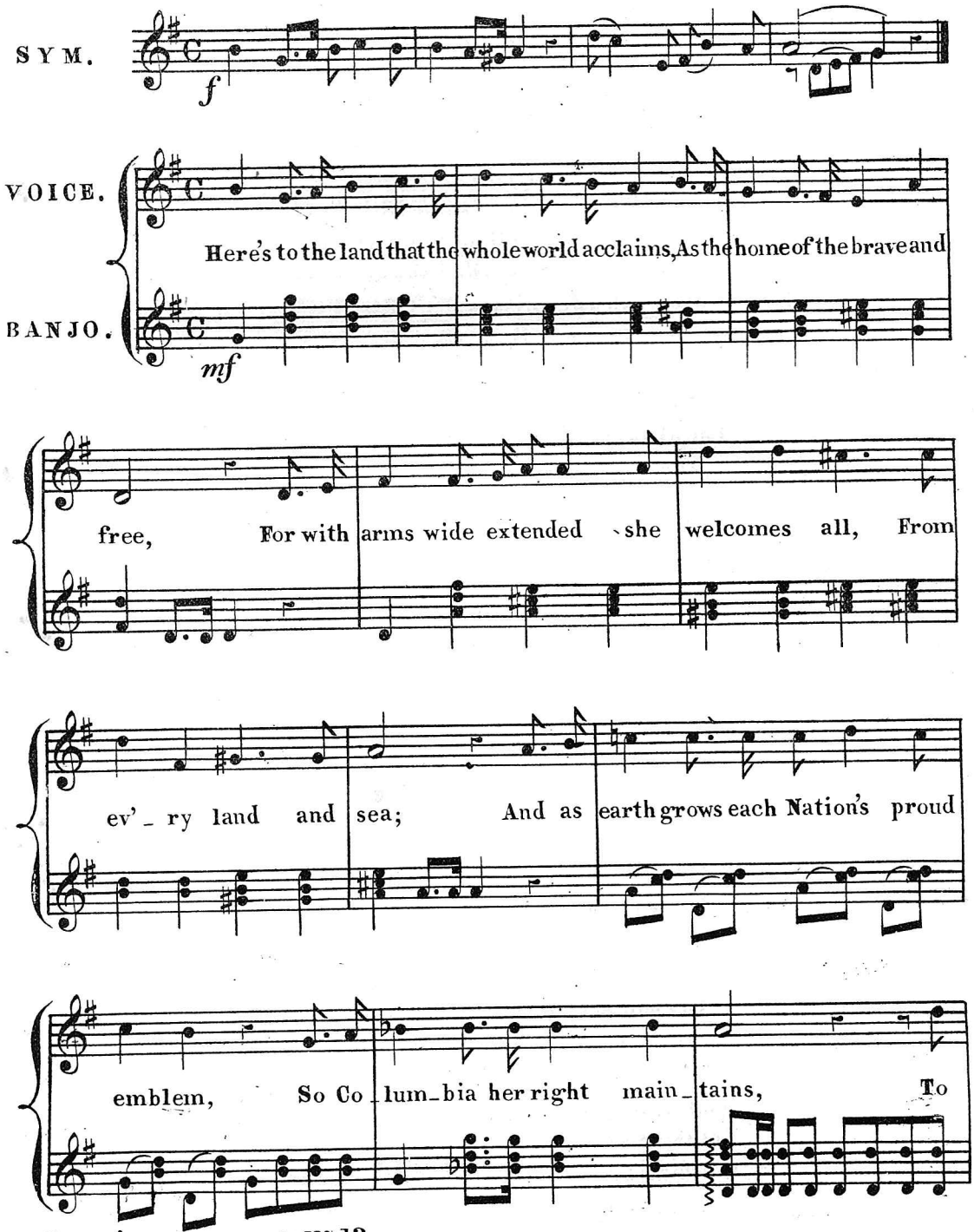
I never complain if I'm woke up at night
You ask the missus
I jump out of bed with such great delight
You ask the missus
On the cold oilcloth I've stood but oh lor
How the wind it blew from under the door
My teeth went like this _I never once swore
You ask the missus. **CHORUS.**

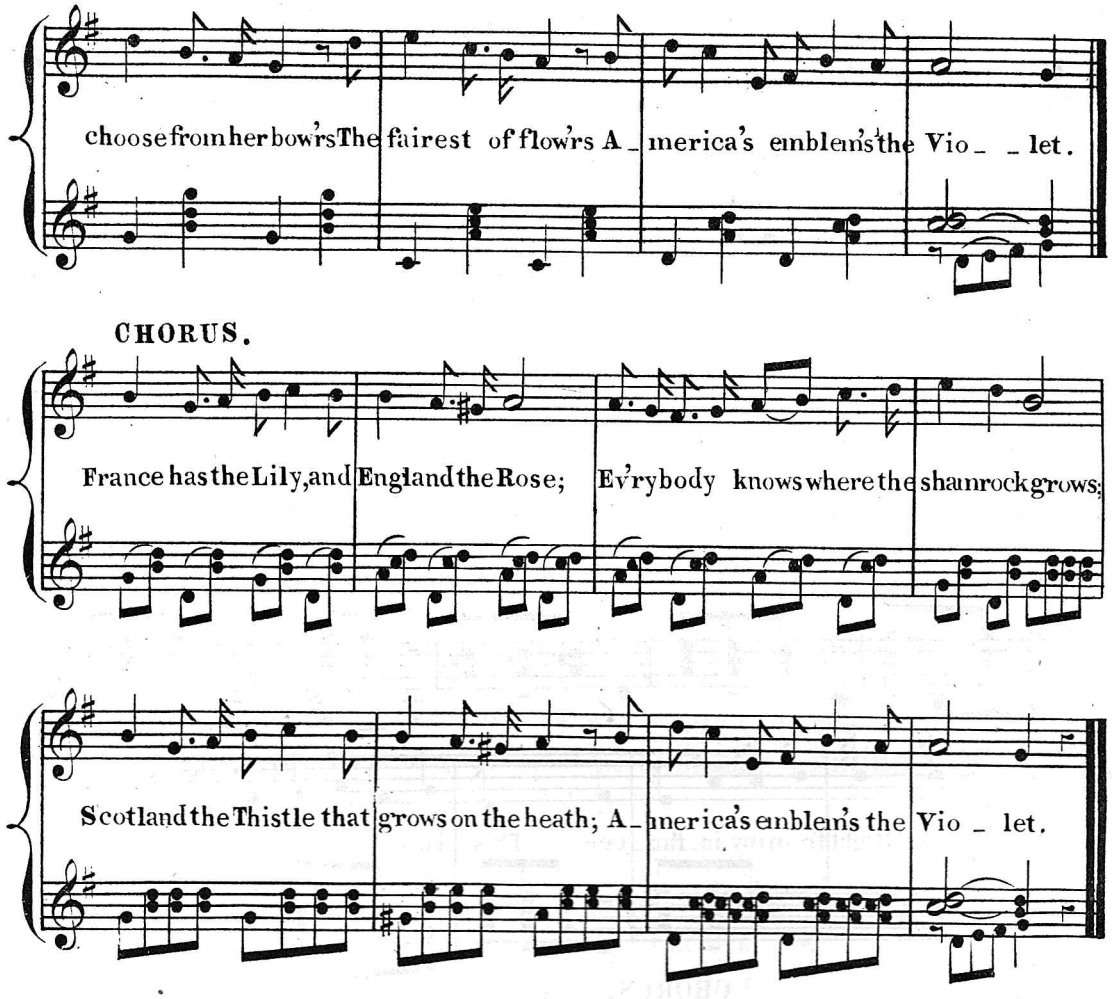
5

To parties and balls I take my own wife
You ask the missus
I never take other girls _don't on my life,
You ask the missus
I never complain what she likes to wear
Trinkets or sealskins or anything rare
If a man loves his wife what does he care
You ask the missus. **CHORUS.**

AMERICA'S EMBLEM'S THE VIOLET.

Tempo di Marcia.





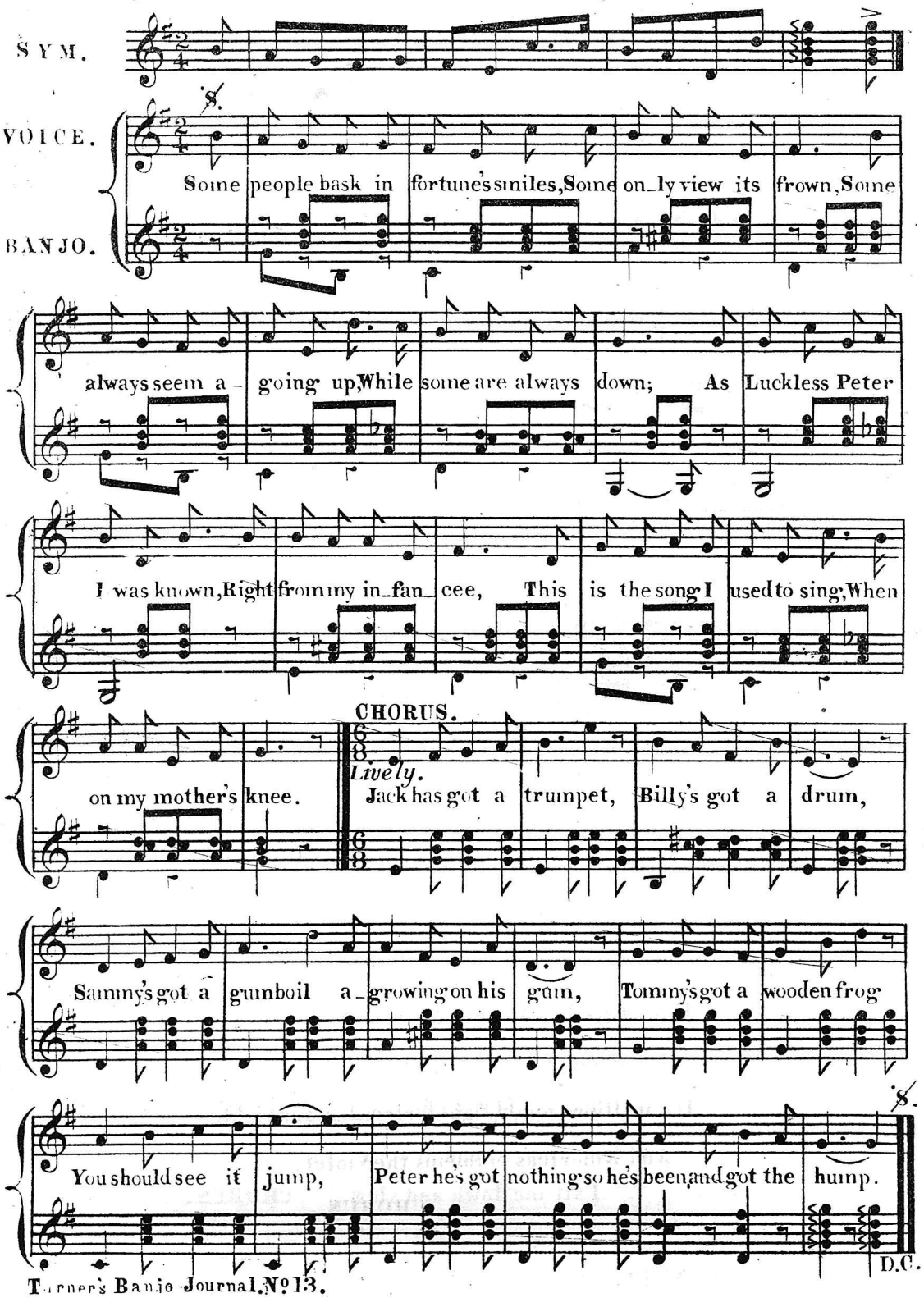
2

Here's to the Violet that grows in our midst,
In the forest and woodland wild,
And tho' humble the flow'ret it speaks the heart
Of every patriot child;
Though we boast not of Army or Navy,
Yet should foreign foes dare assail,
Ten millions would fight for freedom and right,
And America's emblem's the Violet.

CHORUS.

THE UNLUCKY ONE.

Words by HENRY DOLLY. Music by VINCENT DAVIES.



2

At school good luck I never had,
He left me in the lurch,
The only thing I ever got,
Was double dose of birch.
Good situations too I've lost,
Without a reason known;
A dozen times at least I've had,
To sit me down and groan. CHORUS.

3

Then as to wooing I have tried,
For damsels short and tall;
For dark, for fair, the rich, the poor,
In short I've tried them all.
But each preferred some other youth,
Poor me they didn't want;
And when on my sad fate I thought,
I felt inclined to chant. CHORUS.

4

But I suppose I'm not alone,
The world holds plenty more;
Who day by day and hour by hour
Their want of luck deplore.
I see the rich man roll in wealth,
I see the ragged elf;
And while I passing note the two,
I sing unto myself. CHORUS.

5

'Tis just the same with governments,
However hard men race;
For some are left out in the cold,
While others get a place.
Some only grumble privately,
In print some have their fling;
And when I read how wroth they are,
I sit me down and sing. CHORUS.

NORAH ACUSHLA.

H. MILLARD.

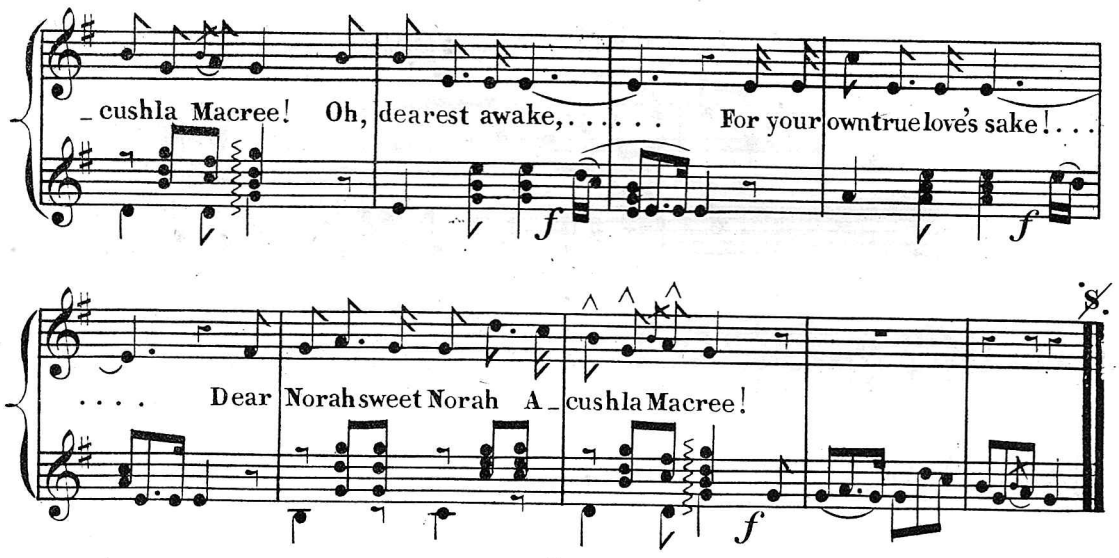
Moderato con espress.

SYM.

VOICE.

BANJO.

Oh Norah Acushla the roses are waking; The lark sings its matin call sweetly on high; And yet you are sleeping your true love forsaking, Who waits 'neath your window to "kiss you good bye." The white sails are flowing, And I must be going, To wander in sorrow far over the sea: Then come to this bosom, My sweet lovely bosom, I leave my heart with you, A



2

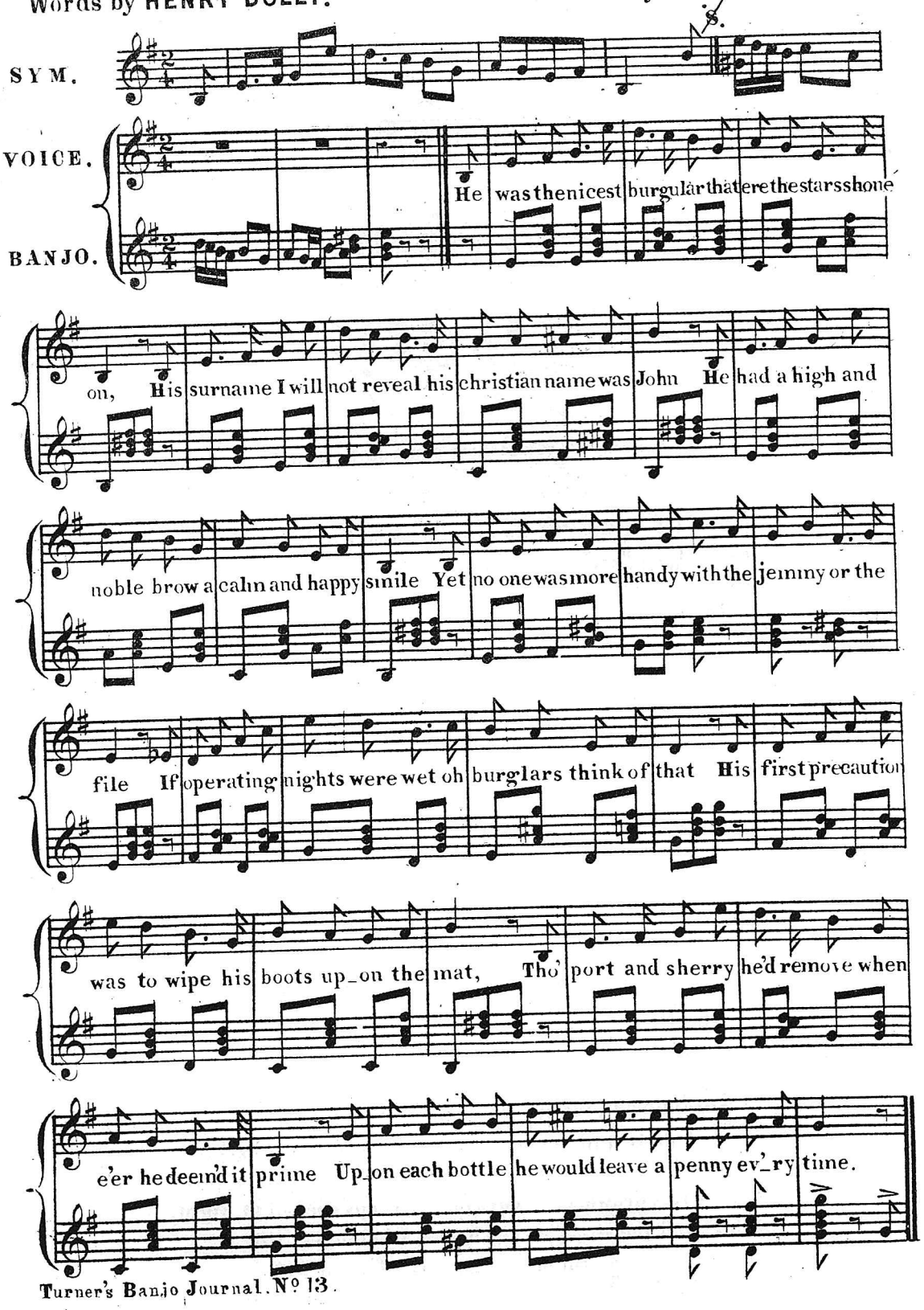
Oh! Norah my jewel how can you be cruel?
The birds now are wooing on each budding spray;
And long ere the morrow my heart in its sorrow,
Will sigh for you, darling, so far, far away.
The lark o'er the meadow, in sunlight and shadow,
Is calling you fondly, he loves you like me!
Then come to me smiling, my sad fears beguiling,
I can't live without you Acushla Macree.
Oh! dearest awake &c.

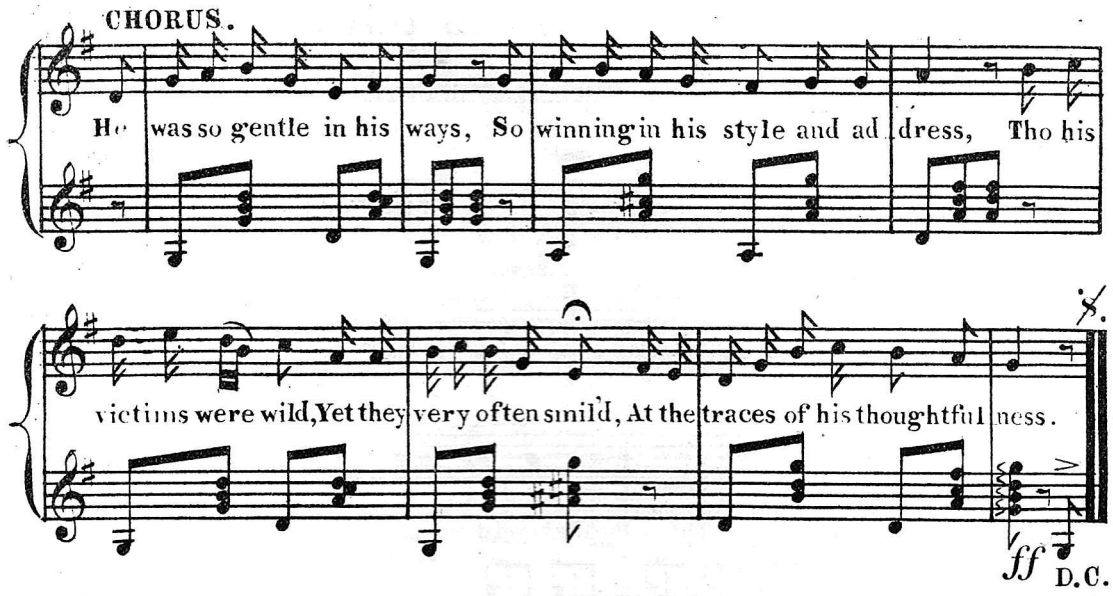
3

Oh! Norah my treasure, 'mid sadness and pleasure,
Your image I'll keep in my heart evermore;
May Heav'n bless you ever, and nothing e'er sever
My heart from the Colleen I love and adore!
Then wake from your dreaming, the dewdrops are gleaming,
But brighter the eyes, love, that soon I shall see;
I'm lone and forsaken till you love awaken
And tell me you'll miss me, Acushla Macree!
Oh! dearest awake &c.

THE GENTLE BURGLAR.

Words by HENRY DOLLY. Music by AUGT. LEIGH.





2

When he had gathered all he could or all he meant to take,
A fair and true inventory of all the things he'd make;
Then in the most conspicuous place the billet doux was left,
That no one else should ever be suspected of the theft
Then on some gold edged notes he'd write a fair apologee,
For entering on the premises to do a burglaree;
Concluding with "Yours faithfully" and then if not too late,
He'd clear away all litter then he'd put the place all straight.

3 CHORUS.

This love of tidiness increased to such a vast extent,
That when he saw things strewn about he would to tears give vent,
A wealthy widow's house he broke but nothing there was straight,
A common fourpenny corkscrew was a resting on a plate.
John could not stand this negligence so at the lady's door,
He gave a gentle knock and said, rise madame, I implore,
To steal so indiscriminately would be a perfect crime,
Please let the servants put things straight, I'll pay them overtime.

4 CHORUS.

The wealthy widow did not scream, she'd too much common sense,
But dressed, and when she saw the man she liked him, oh immense;
If you will quit your burglaring, "she said," I'll you adopt,
And you shall be my son and heir, John on the offer dropped.
He said, I thank you madam for twill meet my wishes quite,
There's this drawback to burglary it keeps one out at night,
John liked the situation and he led a blameless life,
And now she who adopted him is his adopted wife.

CHORUS.

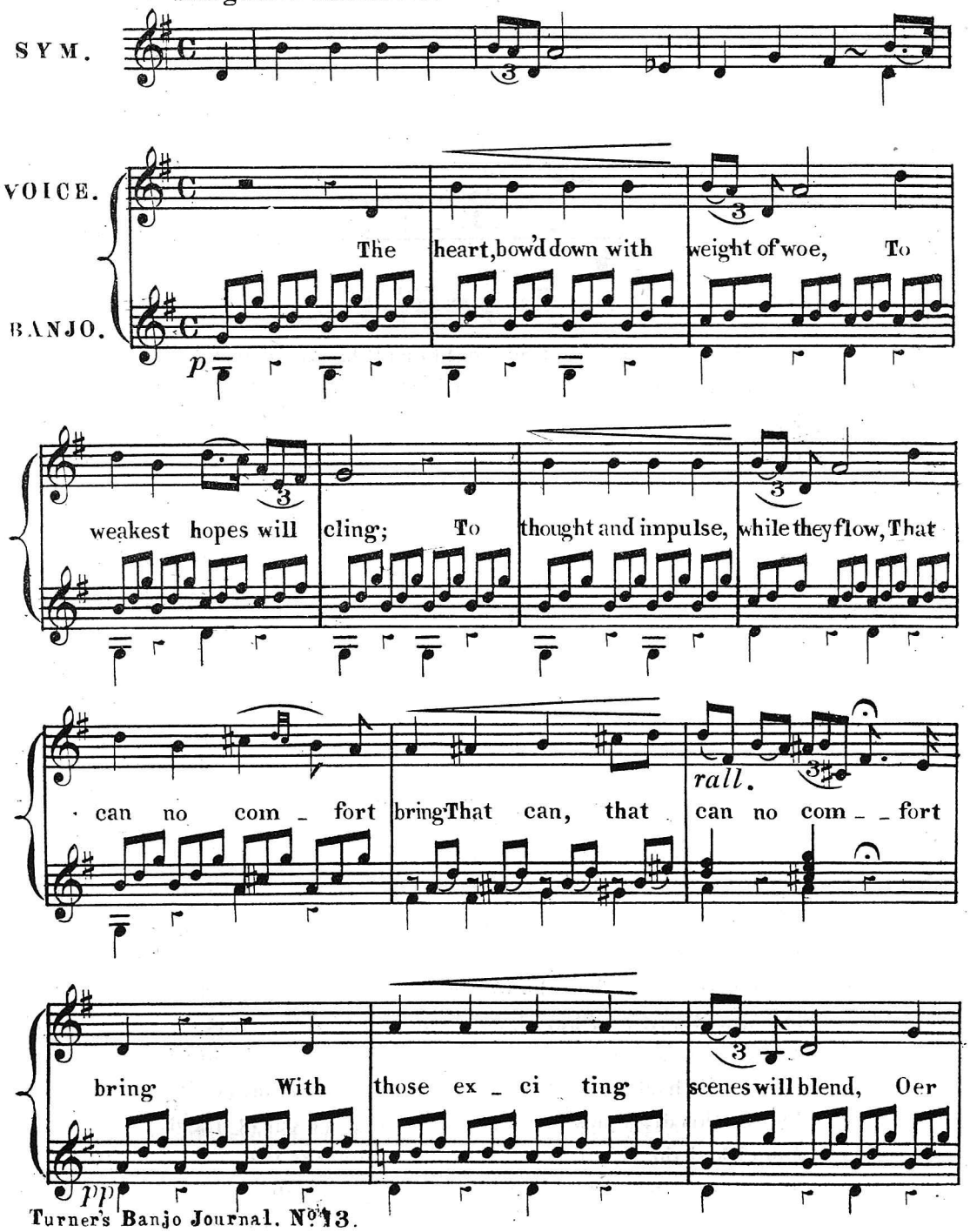
THE HEART BOW'D DOWN.

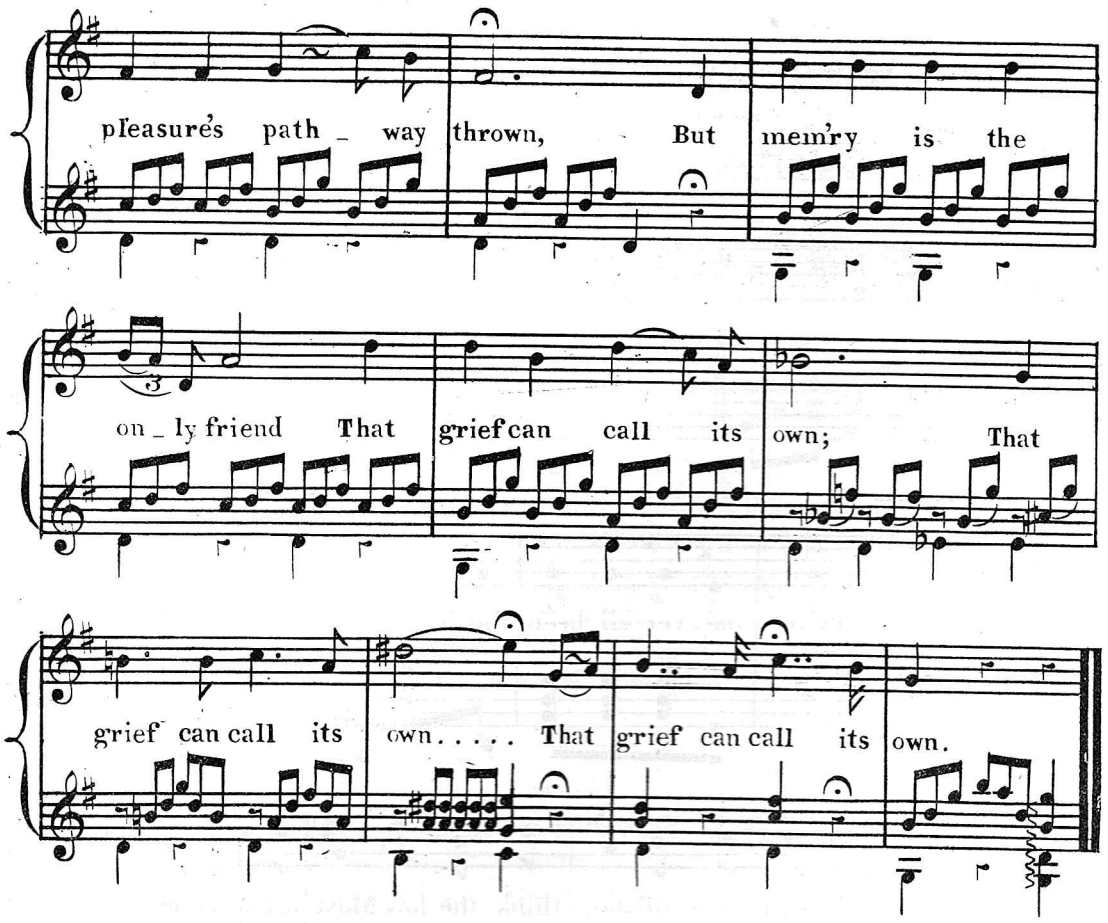
From the "BOHEMIAN GIRL."

BALFE.

Arranged by HERBERT J. ELLIS.

Larghetto cantabile.



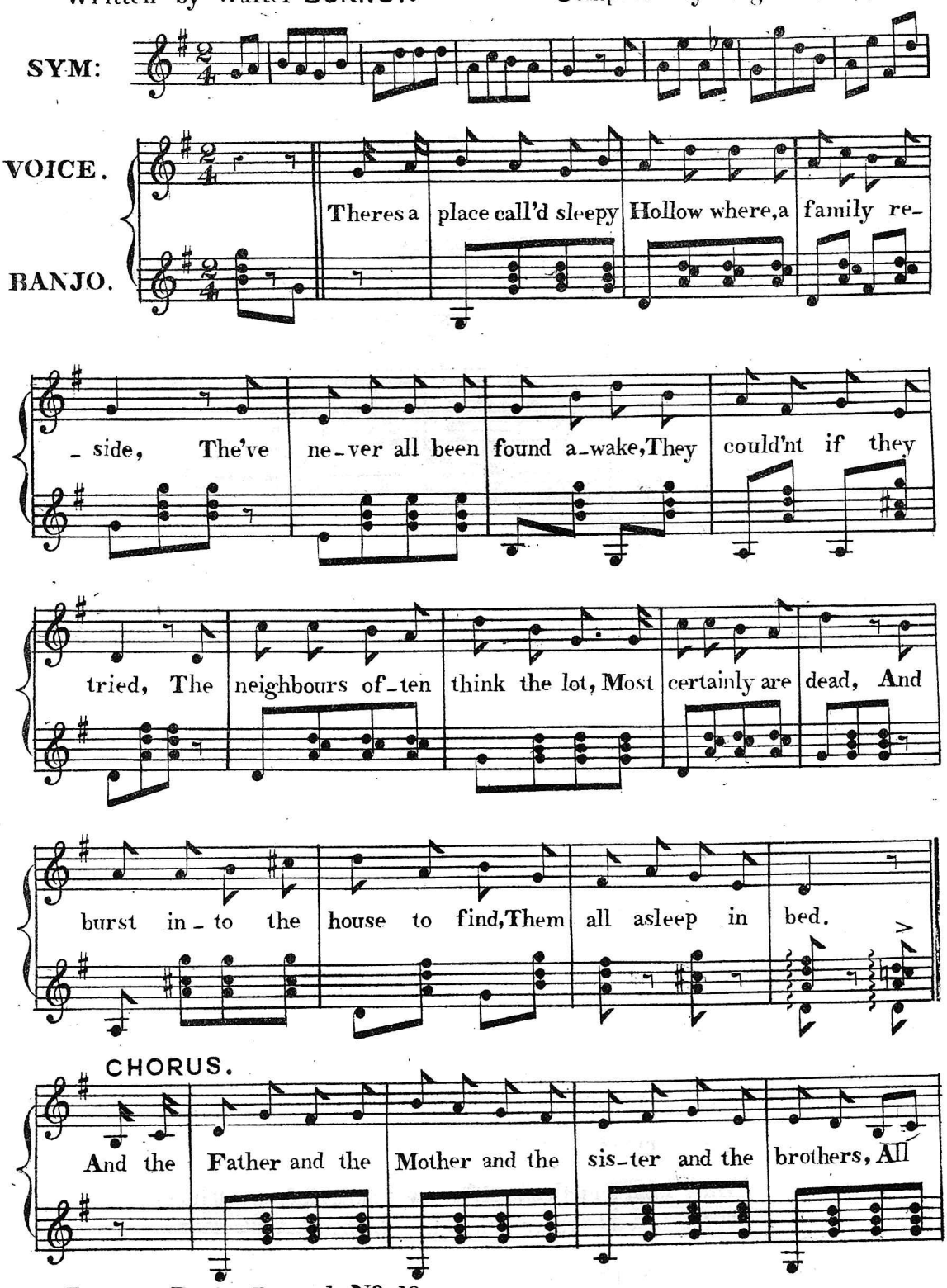


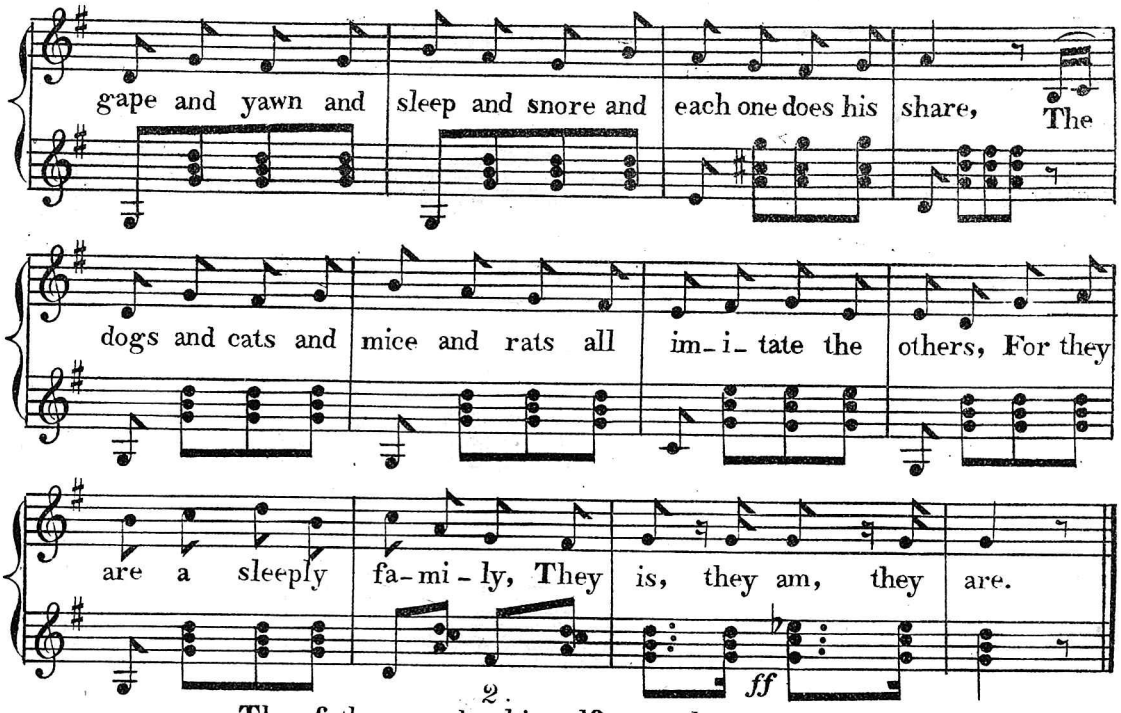
2

The mind will, in its worst despair,
Still ponder o'er the past;
On moments of delight, that were,
Too beautiful to last,
That were too beautiful, too beautiful to last.
To long departed years extend
Its visions with them flown,
For mem'ry is the only friend
That grief can call its own; _
That grief can call its own, that grief can call its own.

THE SLEEPY FAMILY.

Written by Walter BURNOT. Composed by Aug: LEIGH.





2.

The father reads himself to sleep,
The momont he's awake
But that for perfect doziness,
The mother "takes the cake"
For she's so used to sleeping that
If e'er to read she tries
Ere she can understand a word
She has to shut her eyes. — CHORUS.

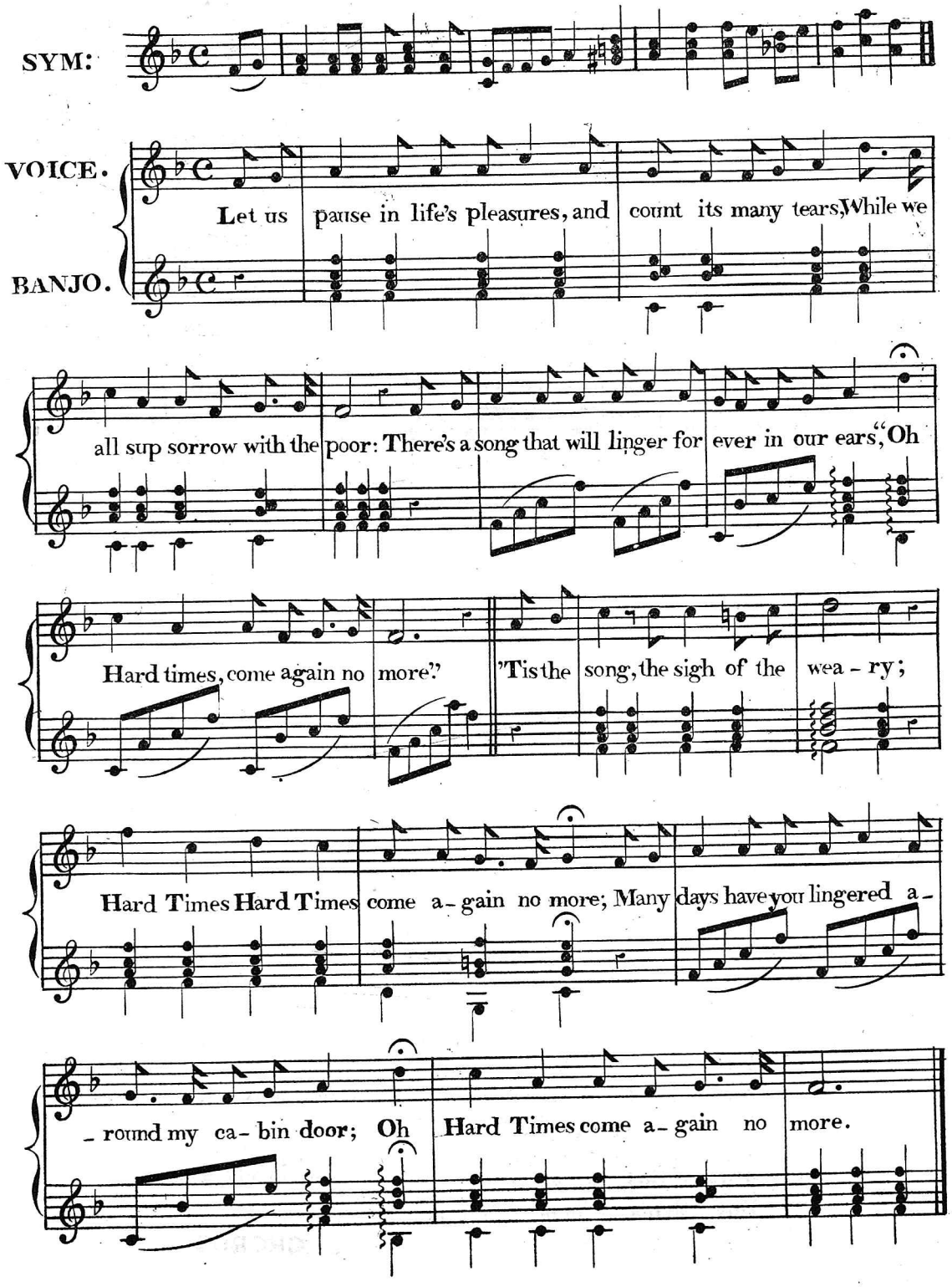
3.

The brothers snore their time away,
At least they did before
They got so very sleepy that
They could'nt even snore,
The sister — well some people say
Her mind is somewhat deep
At flirting she's quite wide-awake
Or would be — but for sleep. — CHORUS.

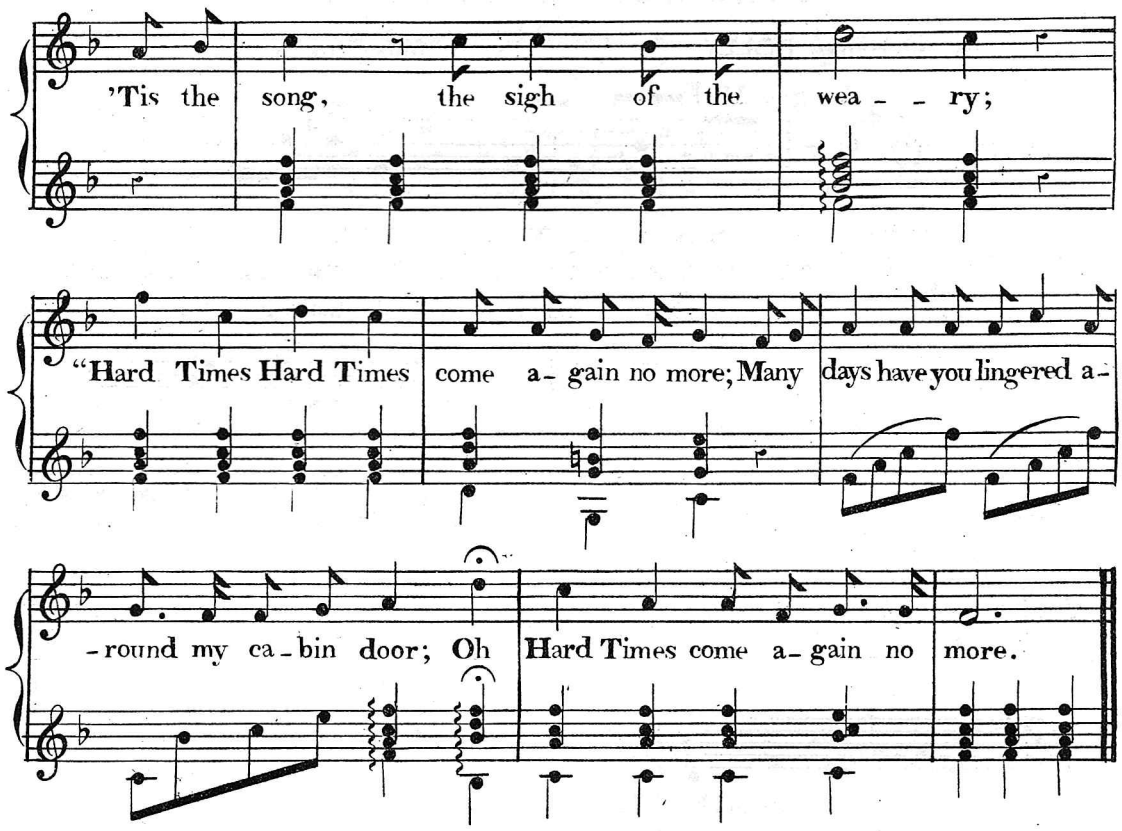
4.

The pussy cats they catch no rats
They cannot whilst they doze
And the bow-wows never tease the cats
The're sleeping dogs are those.
Some people laugh some people frown
Whilst others do a weep
But that's a happy family
Who spend their time in sleep. — CHORUS.

HARD TIMES COME AGAIN NO MORE.



CHORUS.



2.

While we seek mirth and beauty and music light and gay,
There are frail forms fainting at the door:
Though their voices are silent, their pleading looks will say—
"Oh! Hard Times, come again no more.
'Tis the song &c.

3.

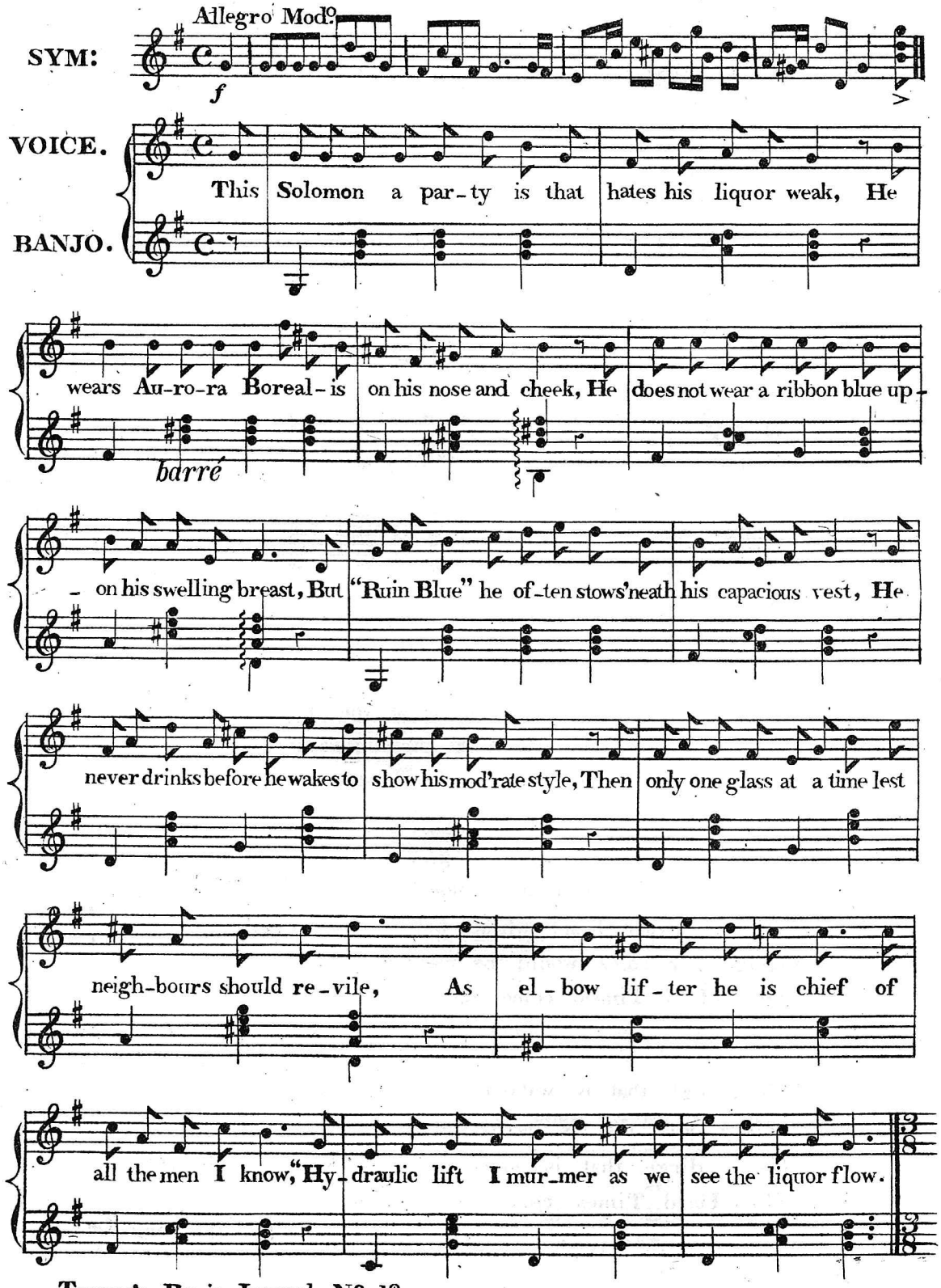
There's a pale drooping maiden who toils her life away,
With a worn heart whose better days are o'er,
Though her voice would be merry 'tis all the day—
Oh! Hard Times, come again no more. sighing
'Tis the song &c.

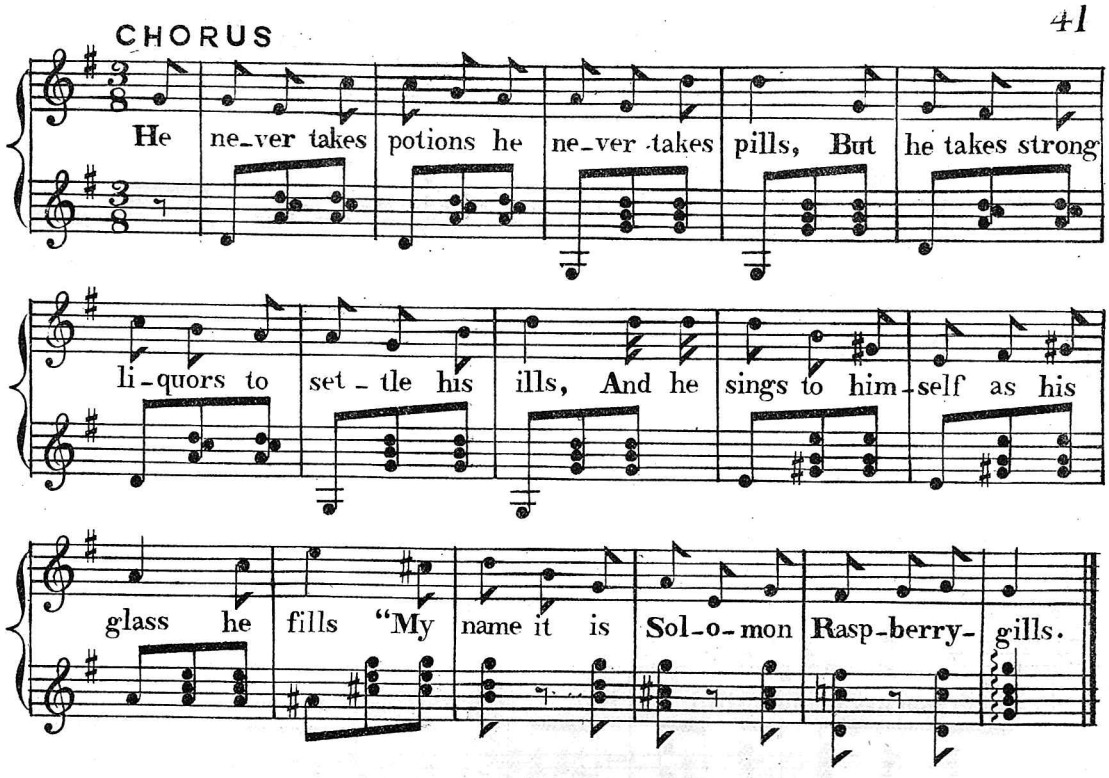
4.

'Tis a sigh that is wafted across the troubled wave,
'Tis a wail that is heard upon the shore,
'Tis a dirge that is murmer'd around the lonely grave—
Oh! Hard Times, come again no more.
'Tis the song &c.

SOLOMON RASPBERRYGILLS.

Words by Henry DOLLY — Music by Vincent DAVIES.





2.

He says the reason why he drinks is that because he must,
He says he wont take water pure for fear his throat should rust;
He says he likes a tawny Port, it makes him think of law,
While fusel oil he vows will grease the hinges of his jaw;
As he's an oddish fellow too, he says he takes to rum,
Because odd things are rum, and rum should to its partner come,
He says he drinks at morn to slake the thirst of overnight,
And drinks at night when on the loose for fear of getting tight

CHORUS. He never takes potions he never takes pills,
But he takes strong liquors to settle his ills,
And he sings to himself as his glass he fills,
My name it is Rolomon Garsberrysills.

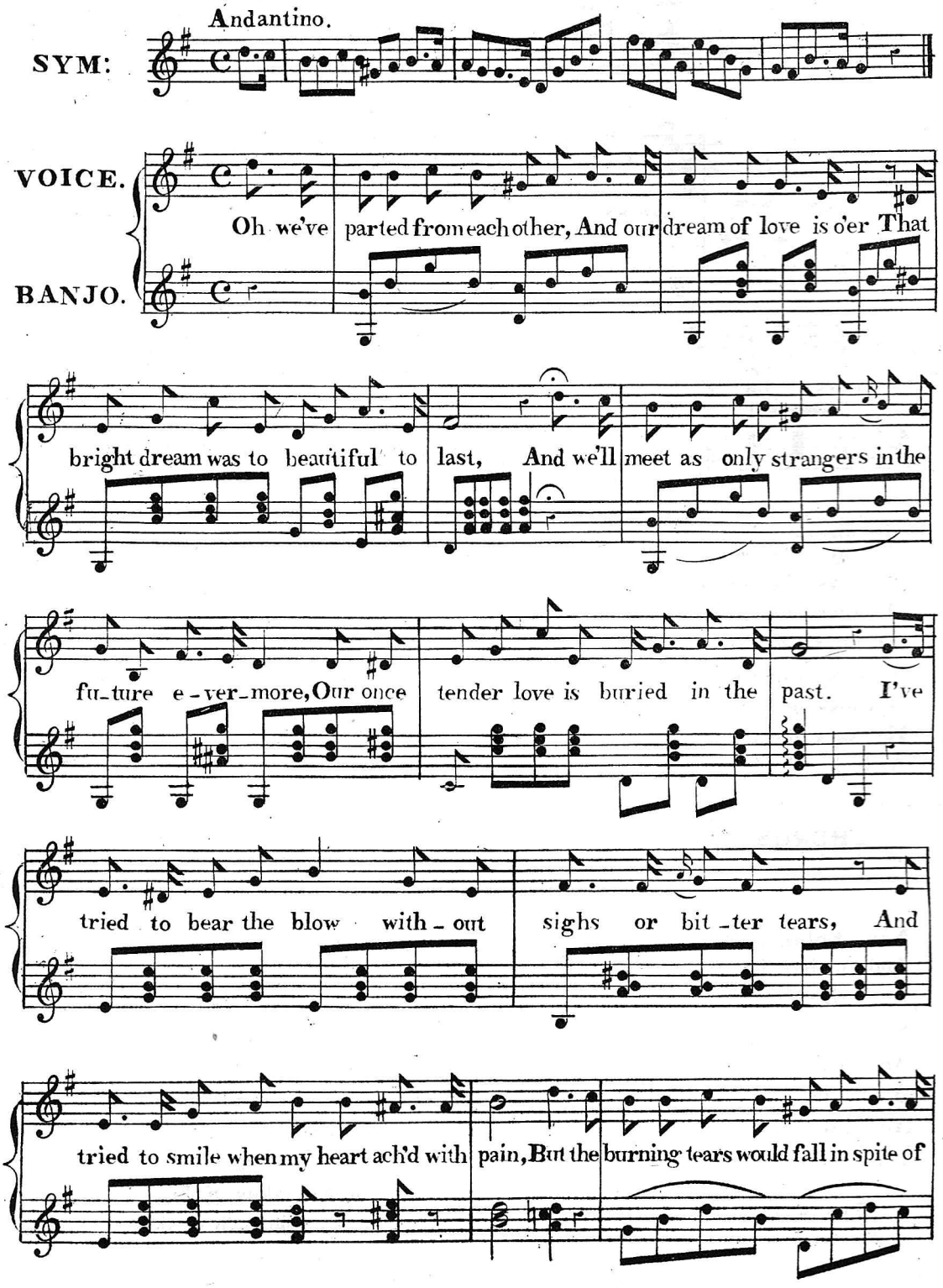
3.

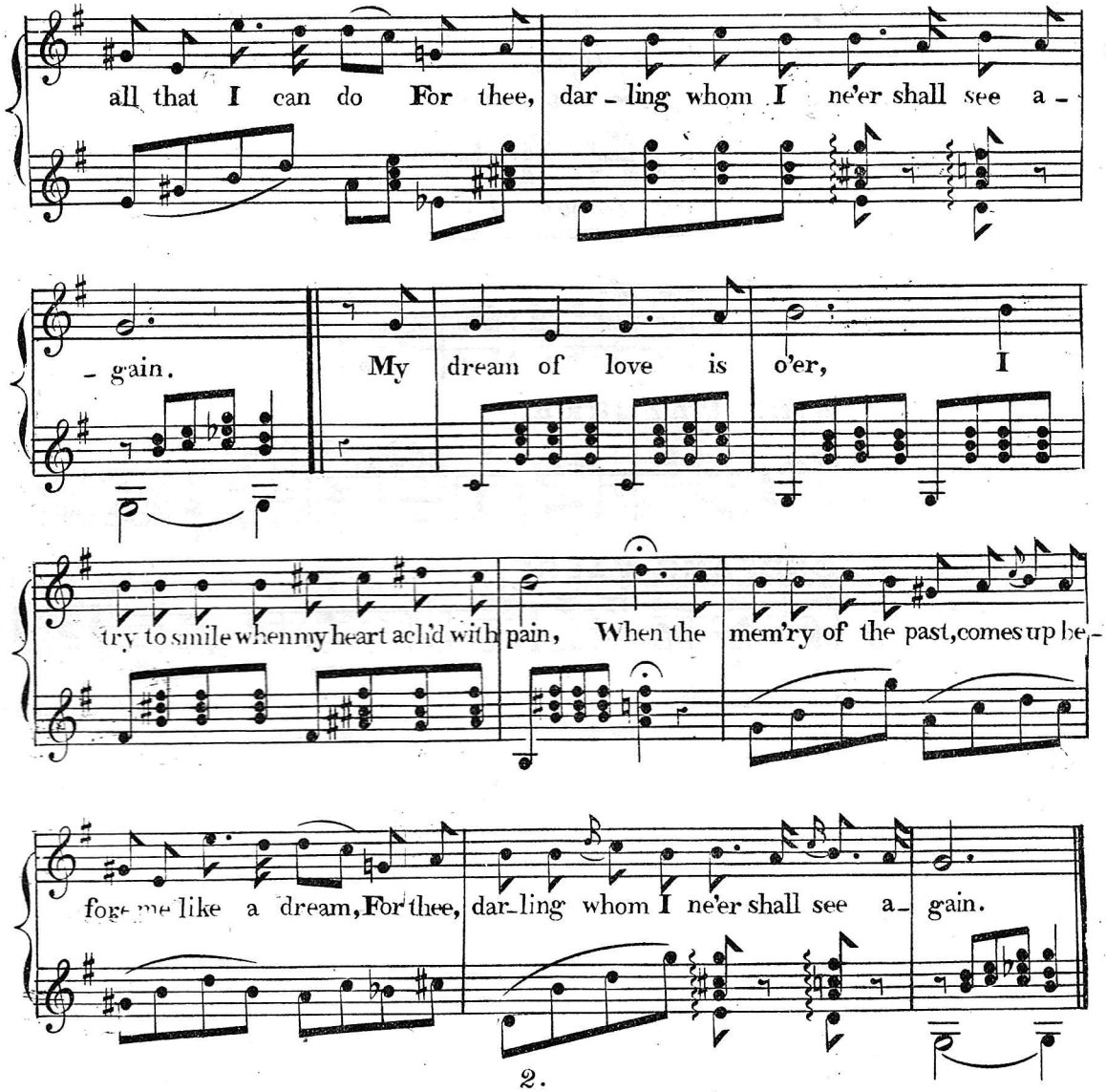
Now Solomon I haste to say is courting widow Green,
And at her house at ten o' clock each night he's always seen,
Its called the "Stagpie and the Mump," and there in chair of state,
Surrounded by his trusty chums, sits Solomon till late.
And when the widow smiles at Sol he cries out "fill again!"
As if he had a mind to try to drown all Love's fierce pain;
And there he'll sit and drink and smile in that alluring place,
Till quite a second sunset's seen in old Sol's beaming face.

CHORUS. He never takes potions he never takes pills,
But he takes strong liquors to settle his ills,
And he sings to himself as his glass he fills,
My name it is Golomon Sarsberryrills.

THE DREAM OF LOVE IS O'ER.

BALLAD.





2.

They say you love another and he's claim'd you for his bride,
And you ask me to forgive thee and forget,
The vows we pledged together, by the rippling of the tide,
As I looked into thy beauteous eyes, my pet,
Ah! the heart is like the tide, that flows and ebbs with will,
And I would not cease to love thee if I could,
Thro' all the future years I'll love thee dearly love thee still,
For I could not cease to love thee if I would.

My dream of love is o'er &c.

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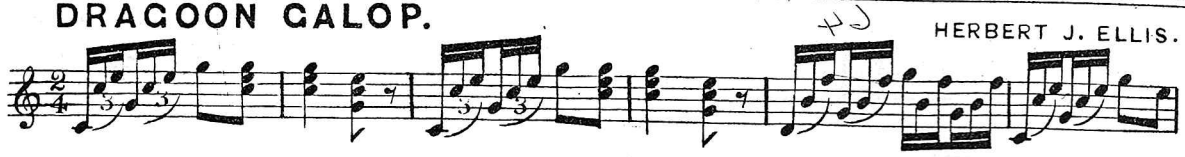

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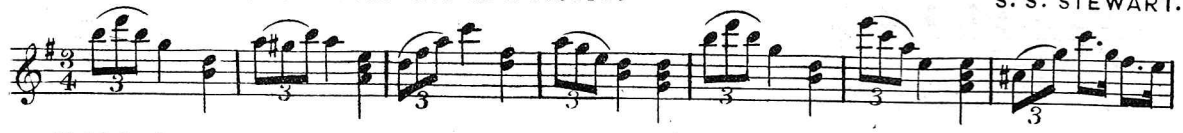

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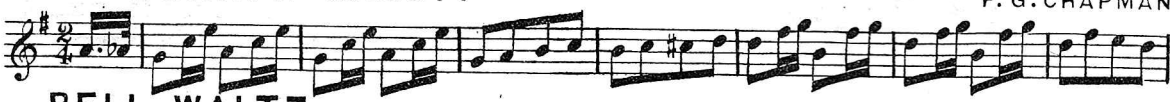

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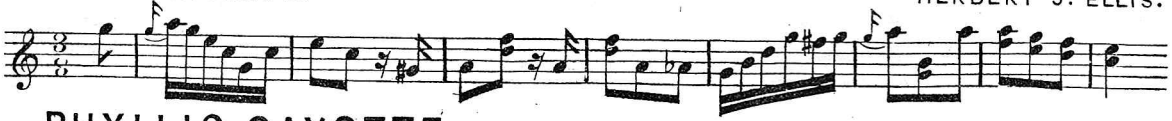

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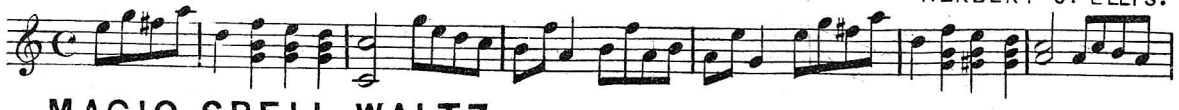

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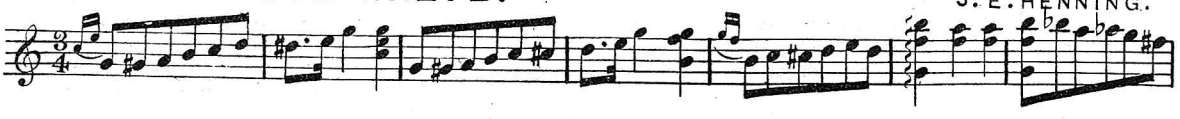

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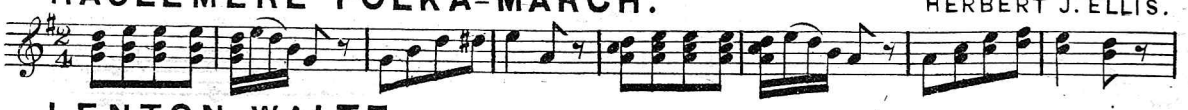

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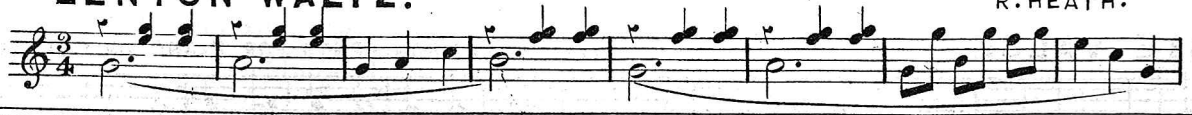

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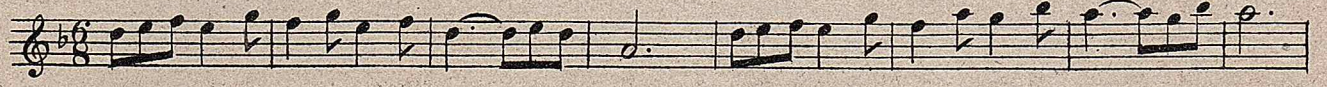
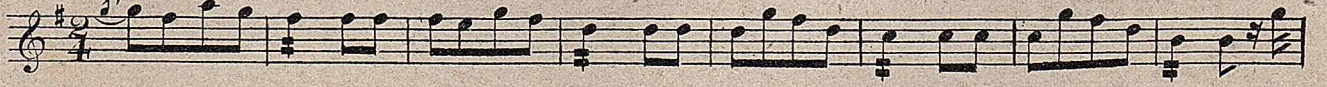


RIVIERA VALSE. WITH ACCOMPANIMENTS FOR PIANO OR GUITAR.

JESSAMINE POLKA. WITH ACCOMPANIMENTS FOR PIANO OR GUITAR.

NAPOLI POLKA. FOR ONE OR TWO MANDOLINS WITH PIANO OR GUITAR ACCOMPANIMENTS.



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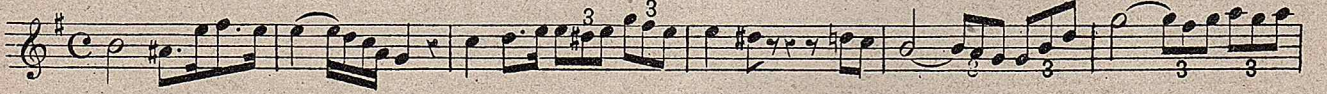
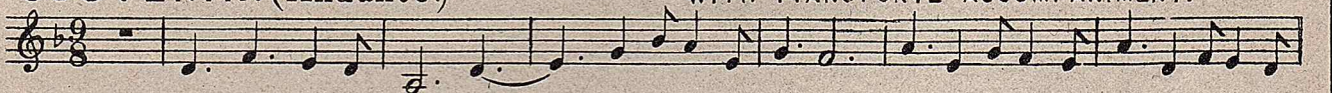
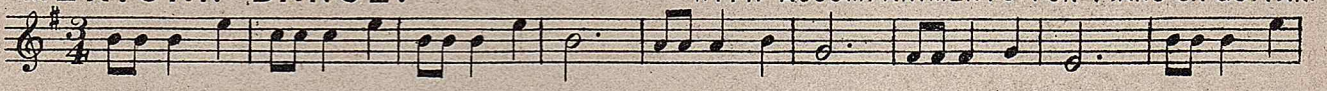


MILANO VALSE. WITH ACCOMPANIMENTS FOR PIANO OR GUITAR.

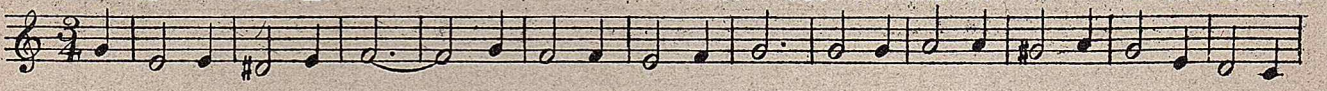
SOUVENIR. (Andante.) WITH PIANOFORTE ACCOMPANIMENT.



MEXICAN DANCE. WITH ACCOMPANIMENTS FOR PIANO OR GUITAR.



ELSIE VALSE. WITH ACCOMPANIMENTS FOR PIANO OR GUITAR.



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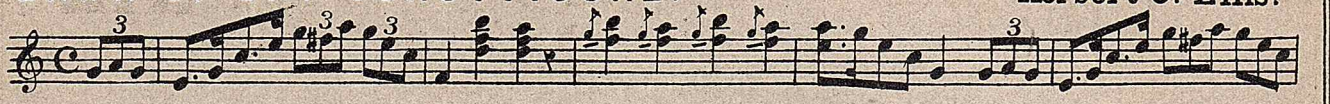

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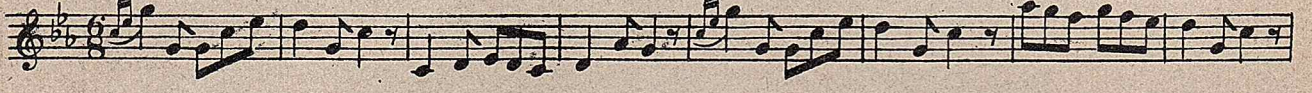

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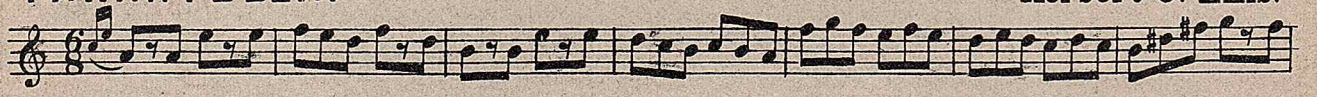

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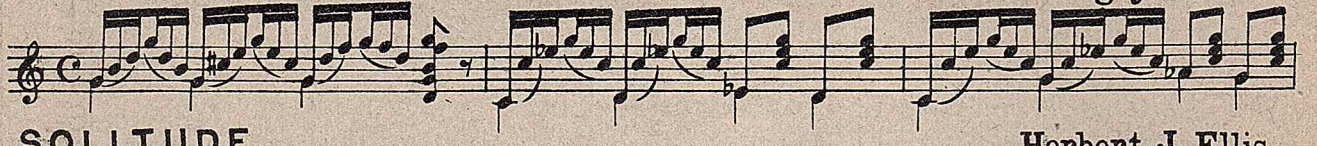

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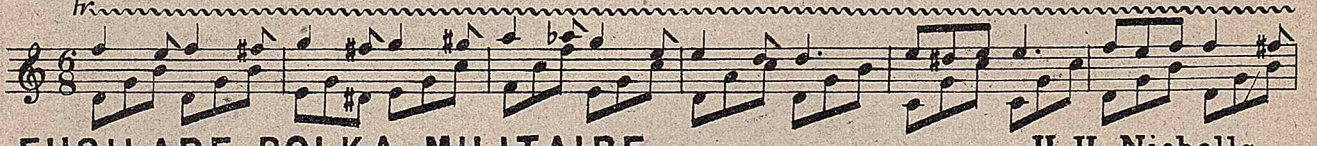

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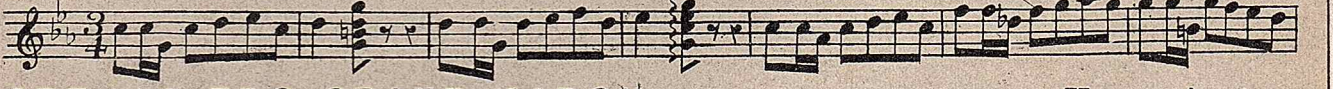

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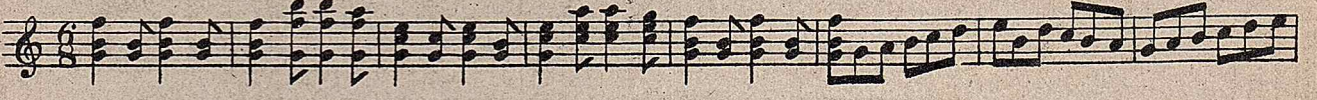

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